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Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

APRIL, 1914

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Comments and Reviews
Poetry's Banquet—Reviews—Notes.

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A Magazine of Verse

Vol. IV
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POEMS.

THE CYCLISTS.



SPREAD on the roadway,
With open-blown jackets
Like black, soaring pinions,
They swoop down the hill-side,
The Cyclists.

Seeming dark-plumaged
Birds, after carrion,
Careening and circling,
Over the dying
Of England.

She lies with her bosom
Beneath them, no longer
The Dominant Mother,
The Virile—but rotting
Before time.

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The smell of her, tainted,
Has bitten their nostrils.
Exultant they hover,
And shadow the sun with
Foreboding.

THE FOREIGNER

Have at you, you Devils!
My back's to this tree,
For you're nothing so nice
That the hind-side of me
Would escape your assault.
Come on now, all three!

Here's a dandified gentleman,
Rapier at point,
And a wrist which whirls round
Like a circular joint.
A spatter of blood, man!
That's just to anoint

And make supple your limbs.
'Tis a pity the silk
Of your waistcoat is stained.
Why! Your heart's full of milk,
And so full, it spills over!
I'm not of your ilk.

The Foreigner

You said so, and laughed
 At my old-fashioned hose,
At the cut of my hair,
 At the length of my nose.
To carve it to pattern
 I think you propose.

Your pardon, young Sir,
 But my nose and my sword
Are proving themselves
 In quite perfect accord.
I grieve to have spotted
 Your shirt. On my word!

And hullo! You Bully!
 That blade's not a stick
To slash right and left,
 And my skull is too thick
To be cleft with such cuffs
 Of a sword. Now a lick

Down the side of your face,
 What a pretty, red line!
Tell the taverns that scar
 Was an honor. Don't whine
That a stranger has marked you.

.
The tree's there, You Swine!

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Did you think to get in
At the back, while your friends
Made a little diversion
In front? So it ends,
With your sword clattering down
On the ground. 'Tis amends

I make for your courteous
Reception of me,
A foreigner, landed
From over the sea.
Your welcome was fervent,
I think you'll agree.

My shoes are not buckled
With gold, nor my hair
Oiled and scented; my jacket's
Not satin, I wear
Corded breeches, wide hats,
And I make people stare!

So I do, but my heart
Is the heart of a man,
And my thoughts cannot twirl
In the limited span
'Twixt my head and my heels,
As some other men's can.

The Foreigner

I have business more strange
 Than the shape of my boots,
And my interests range
 From the sky, to the roots
Of this dung-hill you live in,
 You half-rotted shoots

Of a mouldering tree!
 Here's at you, once more.
You Apes! You Jack-fools!
 You can show me the door,
And jeer at my ways,
 But you're pinked to the core.

And before I have done,
 I will prick my name in
With the front of my steel,
 And your lily-white skin
Shall be printed with me.
 For I've come here to win!

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A LADY

You are beautiful and faded,
Like an old opera tune
Played upon a harpsichord;
Or like the sun-flooded silks
Of an eighteenth century boudoir.
In your eyes
Smoulder the fallen roses of outlived minutes,
And the perfume of your soul
Is vague and suffusing,
With the pungence of sealed spice jars.
Your half-tones delight me,
And I grow mad with gazing
At your blent colours.

My vigor is a new-minted penny,
Which I cast at your feet.
Gather it up from the dust,
That its sparkle may amuse you.

MUSIC

The neighbor sits in his window and plays the flute.
From my bed I can hear him,
And the round notes flutter and tap about the room,
And hit against each other,
Blurring to unexpected chords.

Music

It is very beautiful,
With the little flute-notes all about me,
In the darkness.

In the daytime
The neighbor eats bread and onions with one hand
And copies music with the other.
He is fat and has a bald head,
So I do not look at him,
But run quickly past his window.
There is always the sky to look at,
Or the water in the well!

But when night comes and he plays his flute,
I think of him as a young man,
With gold seals hanging from his watch,
And a blue coat with silver buttons.
As I lie in my bed
The flute-notes push against my ears and lips,
And I go to sleep, dreaming.

THE BUNGLER

You glow in my heart
Like the flames of uncounted candles.
But when I go to warm my hands,
My clumsiness overturns the light,
And then I stumble
Against the tables and chairs.

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ANTICIPATION

I have been temperate always,
But I am like to be very drunk
With your coming.
There have been times
I feared to walk down the street
Lest I should reel with the wine of you,
And jerk against my neighbors
As they go by.
I am parched now, and my tongue is horrible in my mouth,
But my brain is noisy
With the clash and gurgle of filling wine-cups.

A GIFT

See! I give myself to you, Beloved!
My words are little jars
For you to take and put upon a shelf.
Their shapes are quaint and beautiful,
And they have many pleasant colors and lustres
To recommend them.
Also the scent from them fills the room
With sweetness of flowers and crushed grasses.

When I shall have given you the last one
You will have the whole of me,
But I shall be dead.

THE FORSAKEN

Holy Mother of God, merciful Mary. Hear me! I am very weary. I have come from a village miles away, all day I have been coming, and I ache for such far roaming. I cannot walk as light as I used, and my thoughts grow confused. I am heavier than I was. Mary Mother, you know the cause!

Beautiful Holy Lady, take my shame away from me! Let this fear be only seeming, let it be that I am dreaming. For months I have hoped it was so, now I am afraid I know. Lady, why should this be shame, just because I haven't got his name? He loved me, yes, Lady, he did, and he couldn't keep it hid. We meant to marry. Why did he die?

That day when they told me he had gone down in the avalanche, and could not be found until the snow melted in Spring, I did nothing. I could not cry. Why should he die? Why should he die and his child live? His little child alive in me, for my comfort. No, Good God, for my misery! I cannot face the shame, to be a mother, and not married, and the poor child to be reviled for having no father. Merciful Mother, Holy Virgin, take away this sin I did. Let the baby not be. Only take the stigma off of me!

I have told no one but you, Holy Mary. My mother would call me "whore," and spit upon me; the priest would have me repent, and have the rest of my life spent in a convent. I am no "whore," no bad woman, he loved me, and

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we were to be married. I carried him always in my heart, what did it matter if I gave him the least part of me too? You were a virgin, Holy Mother, but you had a son; you know there are times when a woman must give all. There is some call to give and hold back nothing. I swear I obeyed God then, and this child who lives in me is the sign. What am I saying? He is dead, my beautiful, strong man! I shall never feel him caress me again. This is the only baby I shall have. Oh, Holy Virgin, protect my little baby! My little, helpless baby!

He will look like his father, and he will be as fast a runner and as good a shot. Not that he shall be no scholar neither. He shall go to school in winter, and learn to read and write, and my father will teach him to carve, so that he can make the little horses, and cows, and chamois, out of white wood. Oh, no! no! no! How can I think such things!—I am not good. My father will have nothing to do with my boy, I shall be an outcast thing. Oh, Mother of our Lord God, be merciful, take away my shame! Let my body be as it was before he came. No little baby for me to keep underneath my heart for those long months. To live for and to get comfort from. I cannot go home and tell my mother. She is so hard and righteous. She never loved my father, and we were born for duty, not for love. I cannot face it. Holy Mother, take my baby away! Take away my little baby! I don't want it, I can't bear it!

The Forsaken

And I shall have nothing, nothing! Just be known as a good girl. Have other men want to marry me, whom I could not touch, after having known my man. Known the length and breadth of his beautiful white body, and the depth of his love, on the high Summer Alp, with the moon above, and the pine needles all shiny in the light of it. He is gone, my man; I shall never hear him or feel him again, but I could not touch another. I would rather lie under the snow with my own man in my arms!

So I shall live on and on. Just a good woman. With nothing to warm my heart where he lay, and where he left his baby for me to care for. I shall not be quite human, I think. Merely a stone-dead creature. They will respect me. What do I care for respect! You didn't care for people's tongues when you were carrying our Lord Jesus. God had my man give me my baby, when he knew he was going to take him away. His lips will comfort me, his hands will soothe me. All day I will work at my lace making, and all night I will keep him warm by my side and pray the blessed Angels to cover him with their wings. Dear Mother, what is it that sings? I hear voices singing, and lovely silver trumpets through it all. They seem just on the other side of the wall. Let me keep my baby, Holy Mother. He is only a poor lace-maker's baby, with a stain upon him, but give me strength to bring him up to be a man.

Amy Lowell

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ALADDIN AND THE JINN

"Bring me soft song," said Aladdin;

"This tailor-shop sings not at all.

Chant me a word of the twilight,

Of roses that mourn in the fall.

Bring me a song like hashish

That will comfort the stale and the sad,

For I would be mending my spirit,

Forgetting these days that are bad:

Forgetting companions too shallow,

Their quarrels and arguments thin;

Forgetting the shouting muezzin."

"*I am your slave,*" said the Jinn.

"Bring me old wines," said Aladdin,

"I have been a starved pauper too long.

Serve them in vessels of jade and of shell,

Serve them with fruit and with song:

Wines of pre-Adamite Sultans

Digged from beneath the black seas,

New-gathered dew from the heavens

Dripped down from Heaven's sweet trees,

Cups from the angels' pale tables

That will make me both handsome and wise;

For I have beheld her, the Princess—

Firelight and starlight her eyes!

Pauper I am—I would woo her.

Aladdin and the Jinn

And . . . let me drink wine to begin,
Though the Koran expressly forbids it."

"I am your slave," said the Jinn.

"Plan me a dome," said Aladdin,

"That is drawn like the dawn of the moon,
When the sphere seems to rest on the mountains
Half-hidden, yet full-risen soon.

Build me a dome," said Aladdin,

"That shall cause all young lovers to sigh—
The fulness of Life and of Beauty,
Peace beyond peace to the eye.

A palace of foam and of opal—

Pure moonlight without and within,
Where I may enthrone my sweet lady."

"I am your slave," said the Jinn.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

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EASTER

The air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings.

Joyce Kilmer

THE NIGHT SKY

O mystic, delicate chalice of the world,
Jeweled with pallid moons! Exquisite arch
Of the quiet sky; carven 'twixt dusk and dusk
Of smoky Indian jade, a summer night,
By God the Artist, God the deaf and blind,
Who fashions masterpiece on masterpiece,
And through the Window of the Universe
Hurls them forever and forever. . . .
Pale cup, wherein all tears and mirth of men
Distil, that men may drink of thee and live. . . .
Thrice-precious Grail, that holds the Wine of Earth!

John Reed

LYRA VERNALIS

Oft have I seen you, lovely as of old
Though Winter still forbade your birds to sing,
Steal by the silent houses barred to cold,
Around a sunlit corner vanishing.
With hooded face and mantle gray, few know
How in these peopled days you pass
With hesitant comings, hastenings away,
Through every street, by every stretch of grass,
From wood to distant wood, where'er you go,
To gaze upon some frozen spot
And bid the frost depart,
Of many a gentle thing to feel the heart,
Judging the days before that pulse shall leap
Fresh out of sleep,
Sudden awake
To glow and merrymake
In tune with the gay measure of its lot.

So have I waited long today, for sure
This happy sun, this wealth of southern air,
This desolation made by sleep more pure,
This emptiness, will tempt you forth to fare
And earth will wake once more.
Now is the first sweet respite of the year;
Too long, too long have you been stranger here—
Too long you tarry now—so soon before

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New storms with freshened force will rage;

O Spring, what keeps you now!

When every tree, when every naked bough
Needs your assurance, when all spent things wait
In fear which but your coming would assuage:—
Spring, Spring—be not too late!

The trodden soil conceals no trace of you

Whose footprint I could tell in any place.

And yet, methought that maid with raiment blue

Who fled so fast, had a familiar face—

Some look of youth the Winter failed to heed

Perhaps; and now yon sapling is more green.

What laughter is it, from what source unseen

Came that low mocking shout? Behold a steed

Leaps as if happy to be driven

Along the winged way!

Oh, am I mad or did his driver gay

Lean from that dirty cart to wave farewell—

A finger to her lips as warning given

Lest I her secret tell?

Across wet meadows where the wild thyme sleeps,

Where lonely pools are forming in the sedge,

I fain would track you past the ice-hung steeps

Along the sinuous river's melting edge,

To where alone there is a little hollow.

A slender streamlet trickles from the ground,

And stooping over it you gaze around

Lyra Vernalis

To see what charmed thing perchance may follow.

There kneeling on the early mud

At last, O Spring, at last,

Would I might come upon you silently!—

My arm about your shivering shoulders passed,

My hand beneath the head thrown back for me,

For me the breast a-flower in every bud,—

The eyes of ecstasy!

Why must your journey in such desperate haste

Without another curious glance behind?

There is a promise in this barren waste,

And from that southern way you went the wind

Brings an old fragrance back to things bereft

Of all old fragrances. Alas, too soon

Fall the long shadows of the afternoon.

With fingers deft

Dusk lights the stars in heaven's pale gulf of blue.

Where, where are you

Who should on earth make the sky's vision true?

Now, even, have you sought that couch you left,

Where, when clouds ominously rise,

Dreaming, you may forget

How late will bloom the timid violet?

Or on some quiet height, perhaps, you stand—

To view afar, with passion-laden eyes,

The desolated land.

Arthur Johnson

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THE HOUSE OF TAKUMI

POEM-SEQUENCE FROM THE JAPANESE

Hidden Builders

I built for myself an abode that was planned of materials
only,
Carefully choosing each hollow bamboo;
But spirit-things also wove themselves into it, twining like
tendrils through lattices,
Distilling their atmospheres finer than air, not fashioned for
breathing;
Unseen and unguessed by the workmen, they too were the
builders and weavers,
Endlessly weaving.

Hoarded Love

House I have loved with a love like that of a man for a
woman,
Love like an ether now clasps you and folds you!
House I have blessed with a blessing like that of father for
daughter,
Back from your walls, as I gazed open-eyed at the midnight,
Blessings returned like the voices persistent of temple bells
ringing,
Clearer than silver!

The House of Takumi

Love Reflected

The Buddha blessed the bread before he brake the loaf
And gave to his disciples;
For soulless things are sensitive to love;
They gather, hoard, and then in kind return,
They thrill with gathered and reflected love,
Vibrating bell-like.

Heredity

I dreamed a dream about a living house,
Pulsing and throbbing.
Perplexed I climbed its ancient way of stairs
To find within its teeming haunted brain
All moving shapes that there had lived or died,
Endlessly living.

Coming Generations

Before the dawn-birds sang, uncertain little feet
Frequently pattered
On floors that claimed no echo from the listening walls.
The sleepers on their white beds stirred and thrilled,
But did not hear the childish phantom feet
Beating their music.

Desire for Children

The morning birds had ceased their first light-greeting song
And flown for food and water
Before I knew I dreamed of children never born.

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O little feet so musical upon the stairs!
O little voices speaking in the inner ear
Foolishly dreaming!

Waters of Bitterness

I think my heart will smother me,
Beating against my side;
For within the room above,
Surrounded by those who can not help,
Languishes one I love,
Patiently suffering.

Passing Generations

The wind sings in the chimney,
Breathing where it will.
Doors stand open and close again silently;
A great peace broods under the many roofs;
The walls, listening vainly for footsteps,
Seem to be waiting.

The Flow of Time

Long have I waited for the spring,
Praying for time to pass.
Now the cherry trees are white like snow
And violets are blue in the fields:
But well I know that they who made it spring
Are not returning.

The House of Takumi

The House of Quietness

The wind sings in the chimney,
Rising and dying.
The stillness of the empty house is a persistent voice.
I hear its sibilant whisper like the waters of a sea.
For hours I lie and listen to the waves of silence,
Ceaselessly breaking.

Opened Windows

Have mind and heart like children been deceived,
Grasping at shadows?
For still they whisper that they infinitely love
And feel that they are infinitely loved;
And this they always knew yet never comprehended
Until the voice of the essential silence
Whispered its secret.

The Time of Blossom

And the unplanted vines have grown and spread,
Filling the lattices;
The living walls are gay with crowded bloom,
The little footsteps patter down the walks
And little voices fill the fragrant halls,
Laughing and loving.

A. J. Russell

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TO CELIA

I—CONSUMMATION

There was a strangeness on your lips,
Lips that had been so sure;
You still were mine but in eclipse,
Beside me but obscure.

There was a cloud upon your heart;
For, Celia, where you lay,
Death, come to break your life apart,
Had led your love away.

Through the cold distance of your eyes
You could no longer see.
But when you died, you heard me rise
And followed suddenly.

And close beside me, looking down
As I did on the dead,
You made of time a wedding-gown,
Of space a marriage-bed.

I took, in you, death for a wife,
You married death in me,
Singing, "There is no other life,
No other God than we!"

To Celia

II—DURING A CHORALE BY CESAR FRANCK

In an old chamber softly lit
 We heard the Chorale played,
And where you sat, an exquisite
Image of Life and lover of it,
 Death sang a serenade.

I know now, Celia, what you heard,
 And why you turned and smiled.
It was the white wings of a bird
Offering flight, and you were stirred
 Like an adventurous child.

Death sang: "O lie upon your bier,
 Uplift your countenance!"
Death bade me be your cavalier,
Called me to march and shed no tear
 But sing to you and dance.

And when you followed, lured and led
 By those mysterious wings,
And when I heard that you were dead,
I could not weep. I sang instead,
 As a true lover sings.

Today a room is softly lit;
 I hear the Chorale played.

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And where you come, an exquisite
Image of death and lover of it,
Life sings a serenade.

III—SONGS ASCENDING

Love has been sung a thousand ways—
So let it be;
The songs ascending in your praise
Through all my days
Are three.

Your cloud-white body first I sing;
Your love was heaven's blue,
And I, a bird, flew carolling
In ring on ring
Of you.

Your nearness is the second song;
When God began to be,
And bound you strongly, right or wrong,
With his own thong,
To me.

But oh, the song, eternal, high,
That tops these two!—
You live forever, you who die,
I am not I
But you.

Witter Bynner

COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

POETRY'S BANQUET



At the dinner given in honor of Mr. William Butler Yeats by the guarantors, contributors and editors of *POETRY*, in the rooms of the Cliff-Dwellers, Chicago, on the evening of March first, the Irish poet took occasion to warn his confreres in America against a number of besetting sins. He said, in part:

Twenty-five years ago a celebrated writer from South Africa said she lived in the East End of London because only there could she see the faces of people without a mask. To this Oscar Wilde replied that he lived in the West End because nothing interested him but the mask. After a week of lecturing I am too tired to assume a mask, so I will address my remarks especially to a fellow craftsman. For since coming to Chicago I have read several times a poem by Mr. Lindsay, one which will be in the anthologies, *General Booth Enters Into Heaven*. This poem is stripped bare of ornament; it has an earnest simplicity, a strange beauty, and you know Bacon said, "There is no excellent beauty without strangeness."

I have lived a good many years and have read many writers. When I was younger than Mr. Lindsay, and was beginning to write in Ireland, there was all around me the rhetorical poetry of the Irish politicians. We young writers rebelled against that rhetoric; there was too much of it and to a great extent it was meaningless. When I went to London I found a group of young lyric writers who were also against rhetoric. We formed the Rhymers' Club; we used to meet and read our poems to one another, and we tried to rid them of rhetoric.

But now, when I open the ordinary American magazine, I find that all we rebelled against in those early days—the sentimentality, the rhetoric, the "moral uplift"—still exist here. Not be-

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cause you are too far from England, but because you are too far from Paris.

It is from Paris that nearly all the great influences in art and literature have come, from the time of Chaucer until now. Today the metrical experiments of French poets are overwhelming in their variety and delicacy. The best English writing is dominated by French criticism; in France is the great critical mind.

The Victorian forgot this; also, they forgot the austerity of art and began to preach. When I saw Paul Verlaine in Paris, he told me that he could not translate Tennyson because he was "too *Anglais*, too noble"—"when he should be broken-hearted he has too many reminiscences."

We in England, our little group of rhymers, were weary of all this. We wanted to get rid not only of rhetoric but of poetic diction. We tried to strip away everything that was artificial, to get a style like speech, as simple as the simplest prose, like a cry of the heart.

Real enjoyment of a beautiful thing is not achieved when a poet tries to teach. It is not the business of a poet to instruct his age. He should be too humble to instruct his age. His business is merely to express himself, whatever that self may be. I would have all American poets keep in mind the example of François Villon.

So you who are readers should encourage American poets to strive to become very simple, very humble. Your poet must put the fervor of his life into his work, giving you his emotions before the world, the evil with the good, not thinking whether he is a good man or a bad man, or whether he is teaching you. A poet does not know whether he is a good man. If he is a good man, he probably thinks he is a bad man.

Poetry that is naturally simple, that might exist as the simplest prose, should have instantaneousness of effect, provided it finds the right audience. You may have to wait years for that audience, but when it is found that instantaneousness of effect is produced.

To illustrate his points, Mr. Yeats read a few poems. Of *An Epitaph*, by Mr. Walter De La Mare, he said, "There is not an original sentence in this short poem, yet it will live for centuries." He spoke of Mr. T. Sturge Moore as "one

of the most exquisite poets writing in England; his poetry is a glorification of instinct." *Our Lady*, by Miss Mary E. Coleridge, he read as an example of "poetry as simple as daily speech." Continuing, he said:

We rebelled against rhetoric, and now there is a group of younger poets who dare to call us rhetorical. When I returned to London from Ireland, I had a young man go over all my work with me to eliminate the abstract. This was an American poet, Ezra Pound. Much of his work is experimental; his work will come slowly, he will make many an experiment before he comes into his own. I should like to read to you two poems of permanent value, *The Ballad of the Goodly Fere* and *The Return*. This last is, I think, the most beautiful poem that has been written in the free form, one of the few in which I find real organic rhythm. A great many poets use *vers libre* because they think it is easier to write than rhymed verse, but it is much more difficult.

The whole movement of poetry is toward pictures, sensuous images, away from rhetoric, from the abstract, toward humility. But I fear I am now becoming rhetorical. I have been driven into Irish public life—how can I avoid rhetoric?

Mr. Yeats then read a few poems from a group which will be printed next month in *POETRY*. Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay followed with his powerful poem, *The Congo*, an interpretation of the African race, which will soon appear in the *Metropolitan Magazine*; also, by request, *General Booth Enters into Heaven*.

A few brief remarks preceded the talk of Mr. Yeats. The editor of *POETRY*, in welcoming the distinguished guest, said, "We honor a great art by honoring its greatest living artist;" and expressed the hope that the magazine might help prepare an audience for the poet who will come: "If we may do for him what Mr. Yeats did for Synge, our efforts will not be without reward."

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Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, one of the magazine's guarantors, and Mr. Charles H. Hamill, of the Administrative Committee, urged the value of the movement for more appreciative recognition of the art. Mr. Richard Henry Little philosophized about symbolism. A poem of salutation and regret was read from Miss Edith Wyatt, whom an engagement of long standing had called to Bryn Mawr. Mr. Roy McWilliams was toastmaster.

To Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke was accorded the honor of introducing Mr. Yeats with the following poem:

In days when we were twenty,
From over-seas there came
Horns of a silver music,
Words of a singing flame—
As on a wind far-blowing
From hills of faery name.

Strange, cadencing, soft, grave,
It took our hearts in keep.
We heard the Red Hound coursing
Through the pale mists of the deep.
We saw Edain and Dectora—
Beautiful, deathless, asleep.

Now days have flickered by us,
Not silencing that strain.
The red wrath of Cuchulain
Shouts through the hills again;
And every April wakes in the world
Deirdre's immortal pain.

Tonight these breathe and eddy
Dimly around the board,
Robbing our lips of greeting
Worthy the heart that poured
That song of the white arms of desire,
And terror and the sword.

Comments and Reviews

What greeting can we offer him
Whom the gods have loved so long—
Whom the Old-World gods have chosen
Their singer to the throng?
The New World can but bring him now
The love of men for his song.

The song outlasts the singer,
Whose breath in the song shall live.
The lighted dreams of man remain
Though man is fugitive.
One thing the gods withheld from the world—
Beauty—for man to give.

REVIEWS

Twelve Japanese Painters, by Arthur Davison Ficke. Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co., Chicago.

This book belongs in any studio that affects the Japanese print. It is forty-seven pages of Baedeker for the man who would travel toward Fuji San. It is inspired verse. It is good criticism. It is sound aesthetics. I do not see how any one who cares for prints can read it indifferently.

Mr. Ficke's particular faculty is flawlessness—from the mosaic standpoint: one inevitable little word after another. His hold on me depends upon the fact that in his best pieces this self-command never fails. One might say that by mere polish he moves the heart. His longer, more diffuse works have never moved me. His type of concentration seems, so far, impossible for him to achieve in art units that require more than three pages of print to each unit.

After going through this particular book of seventeen poems, with every person in Springfield with whom I dare

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to read verse, I found the following pieces kept their first lustre every evening, and the last seemed even to increase in luminosity: *Koriusai Speaks*, *Festival Scene* by Kiyonaga, *The Two Women* by Kitao Masanobu, and the *Portrait of a Woman* by Yeishi.

And this is not to reflect on the rest. The book burns on each page with the "gem-like flame," at least it does to me. The *first* consideration is the self-controlled art of Japan, the *second* consideration is life; yet the work is so crystalline that Life lives a second life within the book. When I plan the future of some hypothetical poet west of the Mississippi, I insist that he be corn-fed and ramping, and write for the farmer, and go shouting along. Or else severe, astringent, plain, like St. Gaudens' Lincoln or Sherman, long-boned and oak-hearted.

But I must set aside theory here, if I am to speak my mind. This work of Mr. Ficke's brings again dead days, when I was one of a group of fanatical art-students, holding consultations over the embossed brocaded prints of Japan, in the Lenox Library, New York, when the kingdoms of the world were a set of picture-books and Hokusai was the king, the emperor.

N. V. L.

The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems, by Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane Co.

Again, in this new book, Mr. Le Gallienne shows himself the true lyric singer. His book shimmers with moonlight, and with the fresh, scented nights of spring, for Mr. Le

Gallienne is the poet laureate of April. One of his old poems, not in this book, begins:

Oh, climb with me this April night,
The silver ladder of the moon,

and so soon as spring comes round again these lines come singing into my head. That little lyric, two stanzas long, has been my constant companion for years.

Mr. Le Gallienne has lost nothing of his magical interpretation of nature in her more charming moods, in this last volume. Such poems as *To a Bird at Dawn*, *May Is Building Her House*, and *Shadow* are very beautiful. On page 66 there is a poem, without a title, of which this is the first stanza:

I crossed the orchard, walking home,
The rising moon was at my back,
The apples and the moonlight fell
Together on the railroad track.

How still and spangled that is, and how full of the soft wind of an early autumn evening!

Again, in his love poems, such as *The Afternoon is Lonely for Your Face*, is a charming fancy, weaving pretty thoughts out of an attractive landscape.

Perhaps that same weaving of pretty thoughts is at once both Mr. Le Gallienne's *forte* and his danger. Or, perhaps, in this age of the world, we have not so great an appetite for "conceits." Certainly an occasional dissonance would be a welcome change, for the sweetness and prettiness has a tendency to become cloying; and when Mr. Le Gallienne deals

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with so great and elemental a subject as Death, the fancies with which he entwines it seem impertinent and shallow:

Her eyes are bluebells now, her voice a bird,
And the long sighing grass her elegy;
She who a woman was is now a star
In the high heaven shining down on me.

It is too much literature, too little feeling. Even when, as in *An Easter Hymn*, Mr. Le Gallienne tries to be serious and simple, the gift of charm betrays him, and he weakens his theme by the following characteristic lines:

When, 'mid the sobbing of the rain,
The heart of April beats again.

But if a man does one thing well, we should not quarrel with him because he does others less well. Mr. Le Gallienne has a lyric talent of great beauty, and we are thankful for what he has to give us.

Merchants From Cathay, by William Rose Benét. The Century Co.

It is a pleasure to come across a book so full of new and fresh ideas. Mr. Benét has a most vigorous and delightful imagination, and his sense of rhyme is quite extraordinary, forced a little at times, perhaps, but when the result is so pleasing, what does it matter? *The Bird Fancier* is by far the most interesting poem in the book, and a very unusual poem it is, full of color and sound, and with the weird note becoming more and more insistent until it grows to horror.

How excellent is the line :

On the Fancier's arm the feathers assembled
taken in its context and with the rhyme. The last stanza is so fine, it ought to be quoted, but it would lose too much divorced from the rest of the poem.

Lack of space forbids more than mention of *The Marvelous Munchausen*, *Merchants of Cathay*, *The Iconoclast*, and *Remarks to the Back of a Pew*.

In his more serious poems, Mr. Benét is not so happy. They are too derivative, and too obviously didactic, but Mr. Benét has so much artistic sense that he will doubtless correct this fault with time.

A. L.

NOTES.

Of the poets represented in this number, five have already appeared in POETRY. These are: Miss Amy Lowell, of Brookline, Mass., author of *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*, whose second book of poems will soon be published by Macmillan; Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, of Springfield, Ill., author of *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread*, whose first formally published book of poems, *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven* (Kennerley), was reviewed in our February number; Mr. John Reed, the young New York poet and journalist who, after serving on the editorial staff of *The Masses*, has recently gone to Mexico; his *Sangar*, a modern-mediaeval ballad, was printed in POETRY for Decem-

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ber, 1912; Mr. Joyce Kilmer, of New Jersey, author of *Summer of Love* (Doubleday, Page & Co.); and Mr. Witter Bynner, of Cornish, N. H., author of *An Immigrant*.

Mr. Arthur Johnson, a young Boston poet, and Mr. A. J. Russell, who is on the editorial staff of the *Minneapolis Journal*, have published little verse as yet. Mr. Russell's poem is not a translation.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Study of Versification, by Brander Matthews. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Love and the Universe, by Albert D. Watson. The Macmillan Company.

The Wild Rose, by Arthur Lyon Raile. David Nutt.

The People's Hour, by George Howard Gibson. Privately printed.

Poems, by Victor Robinson. The Altrurians.

Sophocles in English Verse, by Arthur S. Way, D. Lit. The Macmillan Company.

Chitra, A Play in One Act, by Rabindra Nath Tagore. The Macmillan Company.

A Little Book of Verse, by Frank M. Comrie. Private edition.

Paul Verlaine, by Wilfrid Thorley. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Eve, by Katharine Howard. Sherman, French & Company.

The Book of The Serpent, by Katharine Howard. Sherman, French & Company.

In the High Hills, by Maxwell Struthers Burt. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Tragedy of Pompey the Great, by John Masefield. Revised edition. The Macmillan Company.

Moods of the Inner Voice, by J. H. Twells, Jr. Grant Richards.

A Yorkshire Tyke, by George H. Cowling. Grant Richards.

Later Poems, by Emily Hickey. Grant Richards.

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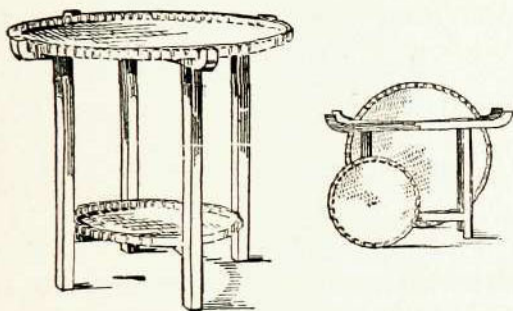
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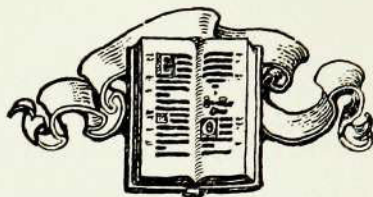
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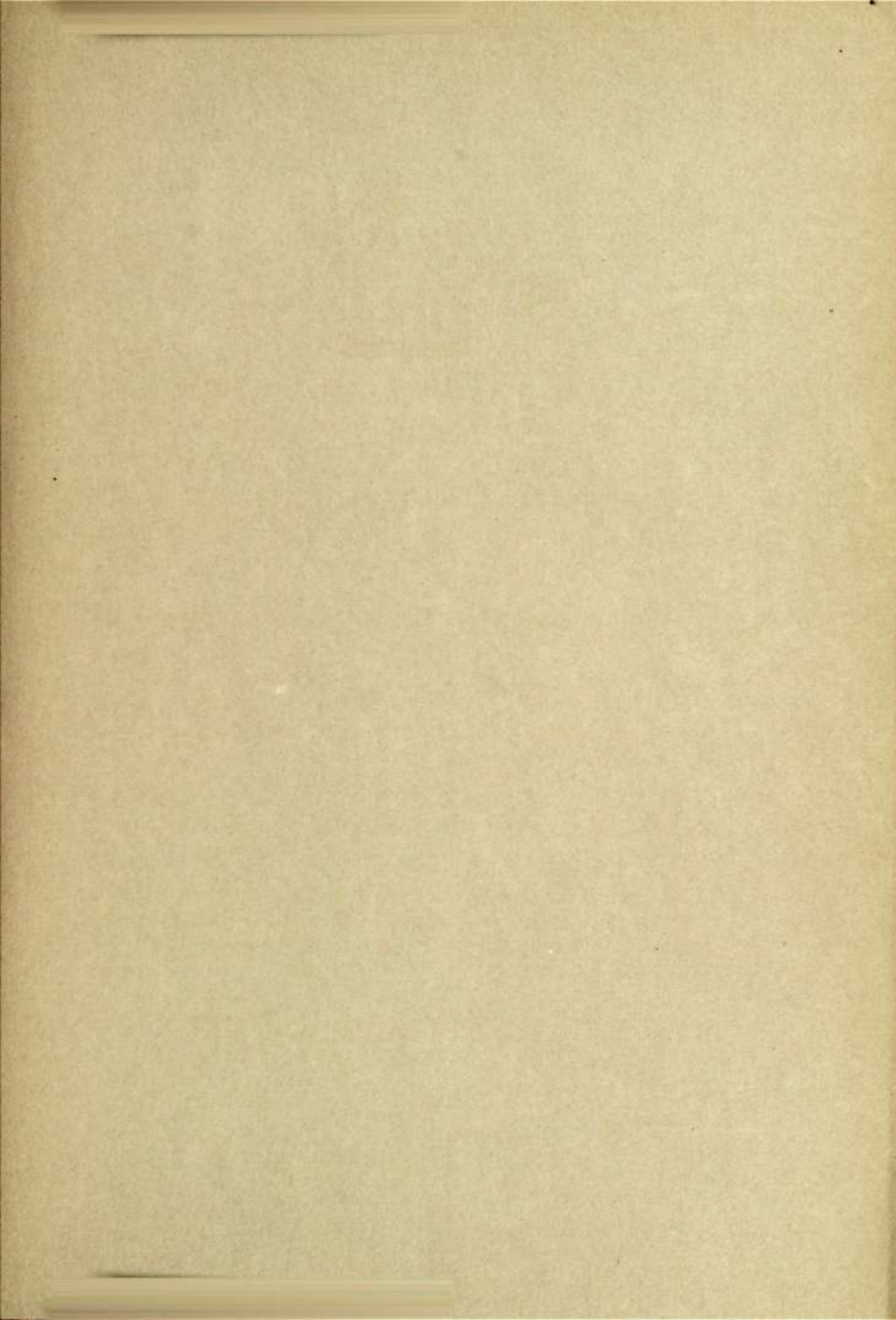
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Edited by Harriet Monroe

MAY, 1914

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VOL. IV
No. II

MAY, 1914.

NISHIKIGI

I

[*The Noh stage has one set scene for all plays. A conventional form of plot is that the Waki or subsidiary character shall go a journey and meet with some genius loci or some returning spirit. In NISHIKIGI (Love-wands, or Charm-sticks) the Waki is journeying near Mount Shinobu and meets the ghosts of two lovers.*]

PART FIRST

Waki, a Priest. There never was anybody heard of Mt. Shinobu but had a kindly feeling for it; so I, like any other priest that might want to know a little bit about each one of the provinces, may as well be walking up here, along the much travelled road.

I have not yet been about the east country, but now I have set my mind to go as far as the earth goes, and why shouldn't I, after all?—seeing that I go about with my heart set upon no particular place whatsoever, and with no other man's flag in my hand, no more than a cloud has! It

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is a flag of the night I see coming down upon me. I wonder now, would the sea be that way, or the little place Kefu that they say is stuck down against it.

Shite and Tsure. [*The ghosts of two lovers long dead, and not yet really united.*] Times out of mind am I here setting up this bright branch, this silky wood with the charms painted in it as fine as the weave you'd get in the grass-cloth of Shinobu, that they'd be still selling you in this mountain.

Shite. [*To Tsure.*] Tangled, we are entangled. Whose fault was it, dear? Tangled up as the grass patterns are tangled up in this coarse cloth, or as the little Mushi that lives on and chirrups in dried sea-weed. We do not know where are today our tears in the undergrowth of this eternal wilderness. We neither wake nor sleep, and passing our nights in a sorrow, which is in the end a vision, what are these scenes of spring to us? This thinking in sleep of someone who has no thought of you, is it more than a dream? And yet surely it is the natural way of love. In our hearts there is much and in our bodies nothing, and we do nothing at all, and only the waters of the river of tears flow quickly.

Chorus.

Narrow is the cloth of Kefu, but wild is that river, that torrent of the hills, between the beloved and the bride.

The cloth she had woven is faded, the thousand one hundred nights were night-trysts watched out in vain.

Waki. [*Not recognizing the nature of the speakers.*] Strange indeed, seeing these town-people here.

They seem like man and wife,
And the lady seems to be holding something
Like a cloth woven of feathers,
While he has a staff or a wooden sceptre
Beautifully ornate.
Both of these things are strange;
In any case, I wonder what they call them.

Tsure. [*The woman.*]. As for this, it is but a narrow
cloth called hosonuno;
It is just the breadth of the loom.

Shite. [*The man.*]. As for this, it is merely wood
painted,
And for both of these things this place is famous.
Would you be wishing to buy them?

Waki. Indeed, indeed, as for the cloths of this place
and the lacquers, they are famous things that I have already
had opportunity to hear about, and yet I still wonder why
they have such great reputation.

Tsure. Ah, well now, that's a disappointment. Here
they say perfectly for the wood "Nishikigi" and "Hosonuno"
for the woven stuff, and yet you come saying that you have
never heard why, and never heard the story. Is it rea-
sonable?

Shite. No, no, that is reasonable enough. What can
people be expected to know of these affairs when it is more
than they can do to keep abreast of their own?

Both. [*To the Priest.*]. Ah well, you look like a person
who has abandoned the world; it is reasonable enough that

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you should not know the worth of wands and cloths, with love's signs painted upon them, with love's marks painted and dyed.

Waki. That is a fine answer. So you would tell me that Nishikigi and Hosonuno are names bound over with love?

Shite. They are names in love's list surely. Every day for a year—for three years come to their full—were wands, Nishikigi, set up, until there were a thousand in all. And they are in song in your time, and will be. "Chidzuka" they call them.

Tsure. These names are surely a by-word.
As the cloth hosonuno is narrow of weft,
More narrow than the breast,
We say it of any love
Whose breasts are hard to come nigh to.
It is a name in books of love.

Shite. 'Tis a sad name to look back on.

Tsure. A thousand wands were in vain.
A sad name, set in a story!

Shite. A seed pod void of the seed,
We had no meeting together.

Tsure. Let him read out the story.

Chorus.

I

At last they forget, they forget.
The wands are no longer offered,
The custom is faded away.

The narrow cloth of Kefu
Will not meet over the breast.
'Tis the story of Hosonuno,
This is the tale:
These bodies, having no weft,
Even now are not come together.

Truly a shameful story!
A tale to bring shame on the gods.

II.

Ah names of love,
Now for a little spell,
For a faint charm only,
For a charm as slight as the binding together
Of pine-flakes in Iwashiro,
And wishing over them toward the sunset,
We return, and return to our lodging.

The evening sun leaves a shadow.

Waki. Ah, go on, tell out all of the story.

Shite. It is an old custom of this country that we make wands of mediation, and deck them with symbols, and set them before a gate, when we are suitors.

Tsure. And we take up a wand of one we would meet with, and let the others lie, for a hundred nights it may be, or for a thousand nights in three years, till there are a thousand wands here in the shade of this mountain.

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And here is the funeral cave of such a man, who had watched out the thousand nights—a bright cave, for they have buried him with all his wands. The wand-cave they call it.

Waki. I will go to that love-cave;
It will be a tale to take back to my village.
Will you show me my way there?

Shite. So be it, I will teach you the path.

Tsure. Tell him to come to this side.

Both. Here are the pair of them
Going along before the traveller.

Chorus.

We have spent the whole day until dusk
Pushing aside the grass
From the over-grown way at Kefu.
Where, indeed, is the love-cave?

O you man, cutting grass on the hill,
Please set your mind on this matter.

“You’d be asking where the dew is
“While the frost’s lying here on the road.
“Who’d tell you that now?”

Be that as you will, yet we are in earnest.

Shite. There’s a cold feel in the autumn.
Night comes.

Chorus.

And storms; trees, giving up their leaf,
Spotted with sudden showers!
Autumn! Our feet are clogged
In the dew-drenched, entangled leaves.
The perpetual shadow is lonely,
The mountain shadow is lying alone.
The owl cries out from the ivies
That drag their weight on the pine.

Among the orchids and chrysanthemum flowers
The hiding fox is now lord of that love-cave,
Nishidzuka,
That is dyed like the maple's leaf.

They have left us this thing for a saying.
That pair have gone into the cave.

[Sign for the exit of Shite and Tsure.]

PART SECOND

[The Waki has taken the posture of sleep. His respectful visit to the cave is beginning to have its effect.]

Waki. *[Restless.]* It seems that I can not sleep
For the length of a cricket's horn—
Under October wind, under pines, under night!
I will perform voice-service to Butsu.

Tsure. Aïe! honored priest,
You do not dip in one river

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Beneath the same tree's shadow
Without bonds in some other life.

Hear sooth-say,

Now is there meeting between us,
Between us who were until now
In life and in after-life kept apart.

A dream-bridge over wild grass,
Over the grass I dwell in.
O honored, do not awake me by force.
I see that the law is perfect.

Shite. [*Supposedly invisible.*] It is a good service you
have done, sir,
A service that spreads in two worlds,
And binds up an ancient love
That was stretched out between them.

I had watched for a thousand days.
I give you largess,
For this meeting is under a difficult law.
And now I will show myself, in the form of Nishikigi.
I will come out now for the first time in color.

[*The characters announce or explain their acts, as these are mostly symbolical. From now on comes the final dance which both chorus and the two chief actors are explaining.*]

Chorus. The three years are over and past—
All that is but an old story.

Shite. To dream under dream we return.
Three years! . . . And the meeting comes now!
This night has happened over and over,
And only now comes the tryst.

Chorus. Look there to the cave
Beneath the stems of the Suzuki!
From under the shadows of the love-grass—
See! see how they come forth and appear—
For an instant! . . . Illusion!

Shite. There is at the root of hell
No distinction between princes and commons!
Wretched for me! 'Tis the saying.

Waki. Strange! what seemed so very old a cave
Is all glittering-bright within,
Like the flicker of fire.
It is like the inside of a house.
They are setting up a loom
And heaping up charm-sticks. No!
The hangings are out of old time.
Is it illusion? Illusion!

Tsure. Our hearts have been in the dark of the falling
snow,
We have been astray in the flurry,
You should tell better than we
How much is illusion—
You who are in the world!
We have been in the whirl of
those who are fading.

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Shite. Indeed in old times Narihira said—
And as he vanished with the years—
“Let a man who is in the world tell the fact.”

It is for you, traveller,
To say how much is illusion.

Waki. Let it be a dream, or a vision,
Or what you will, I care not.

Only show me the old times over-past and snowed under!
Now! Soon! While the night lasts!

Shite. Look sharp then, for old times are shown.
Faint as the shadow-flower shows in the grass that bears it,
And you’ve but a moon for lanthorn.

Tsure. The woman has gone into the cave.
She sets up her loom there
For the weaving of hosonuno,
Thin as the heart of Autumn.

Shite. The suitor for his part, holding his charm-sticks,
Knocks on a gate which was barred.

Tsure. In old time he got back no answer,
No secret sound at all
Save

Shite. The sound of the loom.

Tsure. It was a sweet sound like katydids and crickets—
A thin sound, like the Autumn.

Shite. It was what you would hear any night.

Tsure. Kiri.

Shite. Hatari.

Tsure. Cho.

Nishikigi

Shite. Cho.

Chorus. [Mimicking the sound of crickets.]

Kiri, hatari, cho, cho,
Kiri, hatari, cho, cho,
The cricket sews on at his old rags
With all the new grass in the field—sho,
Churr, isho, like the whirl of a loom: churr.

Chorus. [Antistrophe.]

Let be, they make grass-cloth in Kefu,
Kefu, the land's end, matchless in the world.

Shite. That is an old custom, truly,
But this priest would look on the past.

Chorus. The good priest himself would be saying:
Even if we weave the cloth, hosonuno,
And set up the charm-sticks
For a thousand, a hundred nights,
Even then our beautiful desire will not pass—

Nor fade nor die out.

Shite. Even today the difficulty of our meeting is remem-
bered,

Is remembered in song.

Chorus.

That we may acquire power,
Even in our faith substance,
We will show forth even now.
And though it be but in a dream—
Our form of repentance.

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[*Explaining the action.*]

There he is carrying wands
And she has no need to be asked.
See her within the cave,
With a cricket-like noise of weaving.
The grass-gates and the hedge are between them,—
That is a symbol.
Night has already come on.

[*Now explaining the thoughts of the man's spirit.*]

Love's thoughts are heaped high within him,
As high as the charm-sticks,
As high as the charm-sticks, once colored,
Now fading, lie heaped in this cave.
And he knows of their fading, he says:
I lie a body, unknown to any other man,
Like old wood buried in moss.
It were a fit thing
That I should stop thinking the love-thoughts.
The charm-sticks fade and decay,
And yet
The rumor of our love
Takes foot and moves through the world.
We had no meeting
But tears have, it seems, brought out a bright blossom
Upon the dyed tree of love.

Shite. Tell me, could I have foreseen,
Or known what a heap of my writings
Should lie at the end of her shaft-bench?

Chorus.

A hundred nights and more
Of twisting, encumbered sleep
 And now they make it a ballad,
Not for one year or for two only
But until the days lie deep
As the sand's depth at Kefu.

Until the year's end is red with autumn,
 Red like these love-wands,
A thousand nights are in vain.
I too stand at this gate-side—
You grant no admission, you do not show yourself,
Until I and my sleeves are faded.
By the dew-like gemming of tears upon my sleeve,
Why will you grant no admission?
And we all are doomed to pass,
You, and my sleeves and my tears.
And you did not even know when three years had come
to an end.

Cruel, ah cruel!

The charm-sticks . . .

Shite. Were set up a thousand times.

Then, now, and for always.

Chorus. Shall I ever at last see into that room of hers
which no other sight has traversed?

Shite. Happy at last and well-starred!
Now comes the eve of betrothal—

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We meet for the wine-cup.

Chorus. How glorious the sleeves of the dance
That are like snow-whirls!

Shite. Tread out the dance.

Chorus. Tread out the dance and bring music.
This dance is for Nishikigi.

Shite. This dance is for the evening plays
And for the weaving.

Chorus. For the tokens between lover and lover!
It is a reflecting in the wine-cup.

Chorus.

Ari-aki—

The dawn!

Come! we are out of our place—

Let us go ere the light comes!

[*To the Waki.*]

We ask you, do not awake.

We all will wither away,

The wands and this cloth of a dream.

Now you will come out of sleep,

You tread the border and nothing

Awaits you—no, all this will wither away.

There is nothing here but this cave in the field's midst.

Today's wind moves in the pines.

A wild place, unlit, and unfilled!

Translated from the Japanese of *Motokiyo*
by *Ernest Fenollosa*.

THE RAINBIRD.

Far off I hear a rainbird.

Listen! How fine and clear
His plaintive voice comes ringing
With rapture to the ear!

Over the misty wood-lots,
Across the first spring heat,
Comes the enchanted cadence,
So clear, so solemn-sweet.

How often I have hearkened
To that high pealing strain,
Across the cedar barrens,
Under the soft gray rain!

How often I have wondered,
And longed in vain to know
The source of that enchantment —
That touch of long ago!

O brother, who first taught thee
To haunt the teeming spring
With that divine sad wisdom
Which only age can bring?

Bliss Carman.

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IKONS.

I.

My thoughts
Are little, silver fishes jumping in a row,
Little fishes leaping upon a black cloth
With a shark behind them.
O yellow eyes in the black sea!
Too deep lurk the great fishes,
I cannot sense them.

II.

I have spun me a chain of water
And about my throat I have bound it,
And a pendant of sand I have made
And hung it upon my breast,
And a cross from it.
For there is a sea that is like a lurking emerald,
And my soul is a river of black water that runs
Down to that sea.

III.

The eyes of evil men are like onyx or amber,
A necklace of stone tight round the throats of women.
Alas for the tears of evil men . . .
Black pearls upon a tablet of silver.

THE BLIND MAN.

He sits in the sun and warms
The blind eyes of him
In the light of it.

In the heart of him is no anger.
At the Great Queen
Who blinded him;
'Twas a proud woman
Put out his eyes and left him
To warm their sockets
In the heat of the sun.

Only in the grey mists,
Only in the black rain
Burns a little anger
That she has made him blind.

THE DWARF SPEAKS.

"I am a dwarf and I love
All men with a love they call
Grotesque and horrible.
I should have died long since
For the horrible love they cannot
Give in return."

EPILOGUE TO THE CROWS.

I have given you these bones to pick at,
Draggled crows.
These pearls I cast before you
And their glitter
May tempt you
To carry them
With bits of twine and pebbles
To your nests.

Skipwith Cannell.

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TO A FRIEND WHOSE WORK HAS COME TO NOTHING

Now all the truth is out,
Be secret and take defeat
From any brazen throat,
For how can you compete,
Being honor bred, with one
Who were it proved he lies
Were neither shamed in his own
Nor in his neighbors' eyes;
Bred to a harder thing
Than Triumph, turn away
And like a laughing string
Whereon mad fingers play
Amid a place of stone,
Be secret and exult,
Because of all things known
That is most difficult.

PAUDEEN

Indignant at the fumbling wits, the obscure spite
Of our old Paudeen in his shop, I stumbled blind
Among the stones and thorn trees, under morning light,

Until a curlew cried and in the luminous wind
A curlew answered, and I was startled by the thought
That on the lonely height where all are in God's eye,
There cannot be, confusion of our sound forgot,
A single soul that lacks a sweet crystalline cry.

TO A SHADE

If you have revisited the town, thin Shade,
Whether to look upon your monument
(I wonder if the builder has been paid)
Or happier thoughted when the day is spent
To drink of that salt breath out of the sea
When grey gulls fly about instead of men,
And the gaunt houses put on majesty:
Let these content you and be gone again;
For they are at their old tricks yet.

A man

Of your own passionate serving kind who had brought
In his full hands what, had they only known,
Had given their children's children loftier thought
Sweeter emotion, working in their veins
Like gentle blood, has been driven from the place,
And insult heaped upon him for his pains
And for his open-handedness, disgrace;

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An old foul mouth that once cried out on you
Herding the pack.

Unquiet wanderer

Draw the Glasnevin coverlet anew
About your head till the dust stops your ear.
The time for you to taste of that salt breath
And listen at the corners has not come;
You had enough of sorrow before death—
Away, away! You are safer in the tomb.

WHEN HELEN LIVED

We have cried in our despair
That men desert,
For some trivial affair,
Or noisy, insolent sport,
Beauty that we have won
From bitterest hours;
Yet we, had we walked within
Those topless towers
Where Helen walked with her boy,
Had given, but as the rest
Of the men and women of Troy,
A word and a jest.

BEGGAR TO BEGGAR CRIED

"Time to put off the world and go somewhere
And find my health again in the sea air,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"And make my soul before my pate is bare;

"And get a comfortable wife and house
To rid me of the devil in my shoes,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"And the worse devil that is between my thighs.

"And though I'd marry with a comely lass,
She need not be too comely—let it pass,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"But there's a devil in a looking-glass.

"Nor should she be too rich, because the rich
Are driven by wealth as beggars by the itch,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"And cannot have a humorous happy speech.

"And there I'll grow respected at my ease,
And hear amid the garden's nightly peace,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"The wind-blown clamor of the barnacle-geese."

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THE WITCH

Toil and grow rich,
What's that but to lie
With a foul witch
And after, drained dry,
To be brought
To the chamber where
Lies one long sought
With despair.

THE PEACOCK

What's riches to him
That has made a great peacock
With the pride of his eye?
The wind-beaten, stone-grey,
And desolate Three-rock
Would nourish his whim;
Live he or die
Between rock and wet heather,
His ghost will be gay
Adding feather to feather
For the pride of his eye.

RUNNING TO PARADISE

As I came over Windy Gap
They threw a halfpenny into my cap,
For I am running to Paradise.
And all that I need do is to wish,
And somebody puts his hand in the dish
To throw me a bit of salted fish,
And there the king is but as the beggar.

My brother Mourteen is worn out
With skelping his big brawling lout,
While I am running to Paradise.
A poor life, do what he can,
And though he keep a dog and a gun,
A serving maid and a serving man,
And there the king is but as the beggar.

Poor men have grown to be rich men,
And rich men grown to be poor again,
While I am running to Paradise.
And many a darling wit's grown dull
That tossed a bare heel when at school;
Now it has filled an old sock full,
And there the king is but as the beggar.

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The wind is old and still at play
While I must hurry upon my way
For I am running to Paradise.
Yet never have I lit on a friend
To take my fancy like the wind
That nobody can buy or bind—
And there the king is but as the beggar.

THE PLAYER QUEEN

Song from an Unfinished Play.

My mother dandled me and sang,
“How young it is, how young!”
And made a golden cradle
That on a willow swung.

“He went away,” my mother sang,
“When I was brought to bed;”
And all the while her needle pulled
The gold and silver thread.

She pulled the thread and bit the thread
And made a golden gown,
And wept because she'd dreamt that I
Was born to wear a crown.

"When she was got," my mother sang,
"I heard a sea-mew cry,
And saw a flake of the yellow foam
That dropped upon my thigh."

How therefore could she help but braid
The gold into my hair,
And dream that I should carry
The golden top of care?

TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND

Has no one said those daring
Kind eyes should be more learned?
I have found out how despairing
The moths are when they are burned.
But I am old and you are young,
So we speak a different tongue.

Oh you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
I could have warned you—but you are young,
And I speak a barbarous tongue.

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THE MAGI

Now as at all times I can see in the mind's eye,
In their stiff, painted clothes, the pale unsatisfied ones
Appear and disappear in the blue depths of the sky
With all their ancient faces like rain-beaten stones,
And all their helms of silver hovering side by side,
And all their eyes still fixed, hoping to find once more,
Being by Calvary's turbulence unsatisfied,
The uncontrollable mystery on the bestial floor.

A COAT

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eye
As though they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

William Butler Yeats.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE ENEMIES WE HAVE MADE



EXT to making friends, the most thrilling experience of life is to make enemies. Neither adventure being possible to the dead, the normally healthy person may accept hand-clasps and dagger-scratches as tributes to his vitality. Both make his eye flash and his blood tingle; both encourage him to go on his way rejoicing.

POETRY, during its year and a half of life, has made friends of a quality higher than the most sanguine editor could have dared to hope for. Beginning with its guarantors, whose pledge of support was an audacious advance vote of confidence: beginning, that is, at home, where one's first friends should be made, the magazine has been hailed from far and near by generous spirits who sympathize with its ideals, and charitably overlook or forgive its defects, or who at least criticize these in a mood of constructive encouragement. From France, Italy and England, from India, China and New Zealand, and even from our next-door neighbors, these salutations have come; from poets laurelled and obscure, from editors and critics, classicists and radicals. To all who send them, much thanks; their greetings have magic power to change paper and ink into flesh and blood.

And after them, thanks to our enemies. These, to be sure, are not so numerous or important, but they must not be

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ignored. Sometimes they conscientiously express fears, like the "amused reader" who cries desperately, in a recent letter, "Is the unfortunate D. H. Lawrence insane?" and who finds it "gross injustice to this country, and to the cause of true poetic thought, to print up such manifest crudity." Another correspondent, on the contrary, feels that we "do not strike a popular chord because the subject matter is too classical for the average reader."

Again a friendly enemy asks:

How can these terrible strainings for effect, resulting in a blind crytic concatenation of words unanalyzable, be called poetry? Must we have futurist Schoenbergs in poetry as in music? Give me *Homeward Songs by the Way* every time rather than Yeats; give me Housman rather than Pound. I prefer the song-sparrow to the mouth-organ.

The most amiable of all our enemies writes:

You have revealed to me an undreamed-of poetic continent, but I don't know whether I want to settle down there and change my residence. The aborigines are a fantastic lot of barbarians; they seem to delight in putting in all the things that I leave out when I write. I enjoy the poetry of serenity, we'll say,—of meditation, humor, idealism, while these people are trying to give us a touch of the recent fashions in realism just imported from Paris. By poetry I try to recover my citizenship in "another country." No doubt these people are doing that too, in their way, but I haven't quite recovered from the St. Vitus' dance they are giving us. Of course this kind of poetry cannot be generally understood by the followers of Longfellow—poor souls! And Tennyson—dear old idyllist, exquisite fiddler! What we want is a real shake-down.

I wonder if these people have any idea what they are driving at. I wonder if they have any fundamental philosophy or religion, or anything at all except *Sturm und Drang*. They like to see dabs of crimson and purple slammed all over the canvas. Also the unmeaning mystery and obscurity seem to delight them,

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while I have ever trained myself to look for meaning and sense and things admirable.

Sometimes they tell us to aim high; but at Bunker Hill the order was to aim low enough to hit something.

A more terrifying enemy is Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is said to have protested in the *National Magazine* against our assertion that it is hard for a popular poet to save his soul, and that some of them—"the Tupperts and Wilcoxes of their generation"—have no souls to save. We hasten to withdraw this rash statement, with due apologies. The trouble with Mrs. Wilcox is not that she has no soul—no doubt she is richly endowed therewith—but that, as she herself sang long ago with singular precision,

My soul soars not as it ought to soar.

But perhaps our most outspoken enemy is our orthodox neighbor *The Dial*. For a year and a half it held aloof while we were introducing Mr. Tagore, Mr. Lindsay, and various other poets, but now, in presenting Mr. Sandburg, we go a step too far—his *Chicago* proves us a "futile little periodical." And the editor thus writes himself down:

We have always sympathized with Ruskin for the splenetic words about Whistler that were the occasion of the famous suit for libel, and we think that such an effusion as this is nothing less than an impudent affront to the poetry-loving public.

It is possible that we have ventured rashly in "discovering" Mr. Sandburg and the others, but—whom and what has *The Dial* discovered? We have taken chances, made room for the young and the new, tried to break the chains which enslave Chicago to New York, America to Europe, and

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the present to the past—what chances has *The Dial* ever taken? What has it ever printed but echoes? For thirty years it has run placidly along in this turbulent city of Chicago, gently murmuring the accepted opinions of such leaders of thought as *The Athenaeum* and *The Spectator*. During all that third of a century it has borne about as much relation to the intellectual life of this vast, chaotically rich region as though it were printed in Glasgow or Caracas. Not only has it failed to grasp a great opportunity—it has been utterly blind and deaf to it, has never known the opportunity was there. Is its editor competent to define the word futile?

“Oh, don’t bother about *The Dial*—it’s quite innocuous,” says one adviser. But is “orthodoxy uninspired” innocuous? Colorless correctness is the blight that corrodes American art today. Our criticism is heavy with it; our exhibitions, books, magazines, because of it, are full of imitations. It must not be ignored, but fought, if our art is ever to be free. *H. M.*

THE LATER YEATS.

Responsibilities, by W. B. Yeats. The Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dundrum.

I live, so far as possible, among that more intelligently active segment of the race which is concerned with today and tomorrow; and, in consequence of this, whenever I mention Mr. Yeats I am apt to be assailed with questions: “Will Mr. Yeats do anything more?”, “Is Yeats in the movement?”, “How *can* the chap go on writing this sort of thing?”

The Later Yeats

And to these inquiries I can only say that Mr. Yeats' vitality is quite unimpaired, and that I dare say he'll do a good deal; and that up to date no one has shown any disposition to supersede him as the best poet in England, or any likelihood of doing so for some time; and that after all Mr. Yeats has brought a new music upon the harp, and that one man seldom leads two movements to triumph, and that it is quite enough that he should have brought in the sound of keening and the skirl of the Irish ballads, and driven out the sentimental cadence with memories of *The County of Mayo* and *The Coolun*; and that the production of good poetry is a very slow matter, and that, as touching the greatest of dead poets, many of them could easily have left that *magnam partem*, which keeps them with us, upon a single quire of foolscap or at most upon two; and that there is no need for a poet to repair each morning of his life to the *Piazza dei Signori* to turn a new sort of somersault; and that Mr. Yeats is so assuredly an immortal that there is no need for him to recast his style to suit our winds of doctrine; and that, all these things being so, there is nevertheless a manifestly new note in his later work that they might do worse than attend to.

"Is Mr. Yeats an Imagiste?" No, Mr. Yeats is a symbolist, but he has written *des Images* as have many good poets before him; so that is nothing against him, and he has nothing against them (*les Imagistes*), at least so far as I know—except what he calls "their devil's metres."

He has written *des Images* in such poems as *Braseal and*

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the Fisherman; beginning, "Though you hide in the ebb and flow of the pale tide when the moon has set;" and he has driven out the inversion and written with prose directness in such lyrics as, "I heard the old men say everything alters"; and these things are not subject to a changing of the fashions. What I mean by the new note—you could hardly call it a change of style—was apparent four years ago in his *No Second Troy*, beginning, "Why should I blame her," and ending—

Beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in any age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern?
Why, what could she have done being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

I am not sure that it becomes apparent in partial quotation, but with the appearance of *The Green Helmet and Other Poems* one felt that the minor note—I use the word strictly in the musical sense—had gone or was going out of his poetry; that he was at such a cross roads as we find in

Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete.

And since that time one has felt his work becoming gaunter, seeking greater hardness of outline. I do not say that this is demonstrable by any particular passage. *Romantic Ireland's Dead and Gone* is no better than Red Hanrahan's song about Ireland, but it is harder. Mr. Yeats appears to have seen with the outer eye in *To a Child Dancing on the Shore* (the first poem, not the one printed in this issue). The hardness can perhaps be more easily noted in *The Magi*.

Such poems as *When Helen Lived* and *The Realists*

The Later Yeats

serve at least to show that the tongue has not lost its cunning. On the other hand, it is impossible to take any interest in a poem like *The Two Kings*—one might as well read the *Idyls* of another. *The Grey Rock* is, I admit, obscure, but it outweighs this by a curious nobility, a nobility which is, to me at least, the very core of Mr. Yeats' production, the constant element of his writing.

In support of my prediction, or of my theories, regarding his change of manner, real or intended, we have at least two pronouncements of the poet himself, the first in *A Coat*,* and the second, less formal, in the speech made at the Blunt presentation.† The verses, *A Coat*, should satisfy those who have complained of Mr. Yeats' four and forty followers, that they would "rather read their Yeats in the original." Mr. Yeats had indicated the feeling once before with

Tell me, do the wolf-dogs praise their fleas?
which is direct enough in all conscience, and free of the "glamour." I've not a word against the glamour as it appears in Yeats' early poems, but we have had so many other pseudo-glamours and glamourlets and mists and fogs since the nineties that one is about ready for hard light.

And this quality of hard light is precisely what one finds in the beginning of his *The Magi*:

Now as at all times I can see in the mind's eye,
In their stiff, painted clothes, the pale unsatisfied ones
Appear and disappear in the blue depth of the sky
With all their ancient faces like rain-beaten stones,
And all their helms of silver hovering side by side.
Of course a passage like that, a passage of *imagisme*, may

* *Vide* this issue, page 60.

† *Vide* POETRY for March, 1914, p. 223.

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occur in a poem not otherwise *imagiste*, in the same way that a lyrical passage may occur in a narrative, or in some poem not otherwise lyrical. There have always been two sorts of poetry which are, for me at least, the most "poetic;" they are firstly, the sort of poetry which seems to be music just forcing itself into articulate speech, and, secondly, that sort of poetry which seems as if sculpture or painting were just forced or forcing itself into words. The gulf between evocation and description, in this latter case, is the unbridgeable difference between genius and talent. It is perhaps the highest function of art that it should fill the mind with a noble profusion of sounds and images, that it should furnish the life of the mind with such accompaniment and surrounding. At any rate Mr. Yeats' work has done this in the past and still continues to do so. The present volume contains the new metrical version of *The Hour Glass*, *The Grey Rock*, *The Two Kings*, and over thirty new lyrics, some of which have appeared in these pages, or appear in this issue. In the poems on the Irish gallery we find this author certainly at *prise* with things as they are and no longer romantically Celtic, so that a lot of his admirers will be rather displeased with the book. That is always a gain for a poet, for his admirers nearly always want him to "stay put," and they resent any signs of stirring, of new curiosity or of intellectual uneasiness. I have said the *The Grey Rock* was obscure; perhaps I should not have said so, but I think it demands unusually close attention. It is as obscure, at

least, as *Sordello*, but I can not close without registering my admiration for it all the same. *Ezra Pound.*

REVIEWS.

Aphrodite and Other Poems, by John Helston. Macmillan Co.

This book is full to the brim of theoretic passion, expressed in an unfailing, superabundant flow of language. The first poem, *Lonicera*, is a dialogue forty pages long, in which "The Man" talks ten pages about his dead affection before "The Woman" ventures to say, "It rained that day." After that their conversation is full of such original observations as

Men do not love as women do . . .
O God, who made us women! . . .
Perhaps men are more weak albeit more strong,
And therefore dig their graves the deeper. . . .
Our love is dead between us, at your hands.

Et cetera, until, through vast spaces of eloquence, the two arrive at—

My woodbine bride! my darling!
Hush . . . the stars!

Just observations abound, expressed with more or less turgidity, in a style long relegated to poetry because so remote from speech. For example:

This is the hell of woman, to have slain,
Not as the splendid wantons of old time—
Hot-mouthed, so even lust was eloquent
With raptured immolation—love's desire,
But on the altar of their meaner moods.
Vainglorious promptings, braggart self-conceits,—

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and the sentence lists other "meaner moods" through fourteen more lines. Through all the endless mouthing about passion, one searches in vain for a single sincere and simple lyric note; as through the dialogues one searches in vain for drama.

It is wearisome to see this sort of thing accepted as poetry by American critics. Is it because Mr. Helston was first printed by the *English Review*, which once had a little brief authority as a judge of poetry? But, Messieurs, *le roi est mort*.
H. M.

Poems, by Alice Meynell. Chas. Scribners' Sons.

White, pure, cool, delicate, shy—such adjectives as these greet this small volume of collected poems which partly express thirty years' emotional experience of a high and sensitive spirit. One might wish that the poet were less reserved, less austere. She is less intimate in verse than in prose, for there is nothing here of such poignant beauty as that memorable passage in one of the essays which describes the sublime exaltation of a mother left alone with her child after the storm and stress of its birth.

Mrs. Meynell is a Roman Catholic, and Francis Thompson was her friend; but there is no mystical rapture or ritualistic color in her poems. Their tone is silvery, and the religious motive often present is of an early Protestant severity.

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

The Shepherdess, Song of the Night at Daybreak, Renouncement, Maternity (reprinted from POETRY without acknowledgment)—these are typical; and perhaps none more so than the sonnet *Renouncement*, which is so familiar as hardly to require quotation. H. M.

NOTES.

Ernest F. Fenollosa, born in Salem about 1852, of a Spanish father and New England mother, and dying in London in 1908, was well known in America as a man of original genius who devoted his life chiefly to the interpretation of Japanese art. Called to the University of Tokio in 1878 as professor of philosophy, he became the strongest influence against Japanese neglect of the national art, and was appointed Commissioner of Fine Arts to the Japanese Government.

The play *Nishikigi*, or *Nishikidzuka*, which we are fortunate in presenting, was found among his notes after his death. It is a flurry of snow against a red spray of maples. The obscurities have been explained in the course of it; the meaning of the crimson *nishikigi*, love-wands or charm-sticks, has become clear. The *hosonuno* is a local cloth with this legend clinging about it. The most difficult or obscure lines are in the second part where, as has been indicated, the chorus and the hero use speech merely to interpret the gestures of the dance, which the reader must imagine for himself, until he can see it, perhaps in Minoru's company.

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If these notes are insufficient, there is the introduction to Professor Strophe's book on the Noh, published by Heineman. A long redaction of some of Fenollosa's notes will shortly appear in the *Quarterly Review*.

The Noh plays, in the original, are part in prose and part in verse, and they are part spoken and part sung. The dance is of great importance.

Fenollosa published in 1893, a book of poems, *East and West* (Crowell & Co.).

Mr. Bliss Carman, a Canadian by birth, but a resident of the United States, is the author of *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, *Behind the Arras*, *The Sea-Mark*, and other volumes of prose and poetry, and the joint author, with Richard Hovey, of *Songs from Vagabondia*.

Mr. Skipwith Cannell is a young American poet whose work was introduced in the September, 1913, number of *Poetry*. His first volume of poems will be published shortly by Elkin Mathews.

Apologies are due to Miss Amy Lowell, and to the readers of her poem, *The Forsaken*, in our April number, for the printer's unfortunate and distorting omission, just above the last line on page 9, of the line—

have me repent, and have the rest of my life spent in a con-

Pages 9 and 10 will be found correctly printed, among our advertising pages in this issue, and subscribers are requested to cut the binding thread, remove the leaf with part of the opposite margin, and substitute it for the one containing the error, so that the correct version may be preserved and bound.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Unconditioned Songs*, Anonymous. Commonwealth of Australia, Sydney J. Endacott, Melbourne.
- Little Verse For a Little Clan*, by F. D. W. Privately printed.
- Meditations in Verse*, by Jessie Eldridge Southwick. Privately printed.
- Oriental Verse*, by Bernard Westermann. Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Co., San Francisco.
- Various Verses*, of Vinton A. Holbrook. Privately printed.
- The Dryad*, by Clara Burdett Patterson. Constable & Company, London.
- Poems*, by A. Hugh Fisher. Elkin Mathews.
- The Doorkeeper, and Other Poems*, by John W. Taylor. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Sprays of Shamrock*, by Clinton Scollard. The Mosher Press.
- The Post-Office*, by Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company.
- Trail Dust of a Maverick*, by E. A. Brininstool. Dodd Mead & Co.
- Heinrich Heine, Poems and Ballads*, done into English by Robert Levy. Macmillan.
- Saloon Sonnets*, by Allen Norton. Claire Marie, New York.
- Men of No Land*, by Mildred McNeal Sweeny. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Creation, Post-Impressionistic Poems*, by Horace Holley. A. C. Fifield, London.
- The Reverberate Hills*, by Edwin Oppenheim. Constable and Co., London.
- Poems*, by Walter Conrad Arensberg. Houghton Mifflin Company.
- Challenge*, by Louis Untermeyer. The Century Co., N. Y.
- The Poet*, by Panévmolpos. Parnassus Press, London.
- John Millington Synge and The Irish Theatre*, by Maurice Bourgeois. The Macmillan Co.
- Stories of Red Hanrahan; The Secret Rose; Rosa Alchemica*, by W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co.
- Guenevere, Jason, and Other Poems*, by William Morris. Oxford University Press.
- Erna Vitek*, by Alfred Kreymborg. The Glebe, New York.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

UNITED STATES.

New York: *The Century*; *The Forum*; *Scribner's Magazine*; *Current Opinion*; *The Literary Digest*; *The Nation*; *The International*; *The Survey*; *The Woman's Home Companion*; *The Edison Monthly*; *The Colonade*.

Chicago: *The Dial*, *System*, *The Drama*.

Philadelphia: *The Conservator*.

Boston: *The Print Collector's Quarterly*.

Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot*.

Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk*.

New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review*.

Tampa, Fla.: *The Poet and Philosopher*.

FOREIGN.

Paris: *La Vie des Lettres*—Nicolas Beauduin, Directeur; *La Renaissance Contemporaine*; *Poème et Drame*; *Les Bandeaux d'Or*; *Mercure de France*; *L'Effort Libre*; *Les Poètes*; *L'Ile Sonnante*.

London: *Poetry and Drama*, Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review*, Stephen Philips, editor; *Rhythm*; *The British Review*; *The Egoist*.

Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad*.

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THE FORSAKEN

Holy Mother of God, merciful Mary. Hear me! I am very weary. I have come from a village miles away, all day I have been coming, and I ache for such far roaming. I cannot walk as light as I used, and my thoughts grow confused. I am heavier than I was. Mary Mother, you know the cause!

Beautiful Holy Lady, take my shame away from me! Let this fear be only seeming, let it be that I am dreaming. For months I have hoped it was so, now I am afraid I know. Lady, why should this be shame, just because I haven't got his name? He loved me, yes, Lady, he did, and he couldn't keep it hid. We meant to marry. Why did he die?

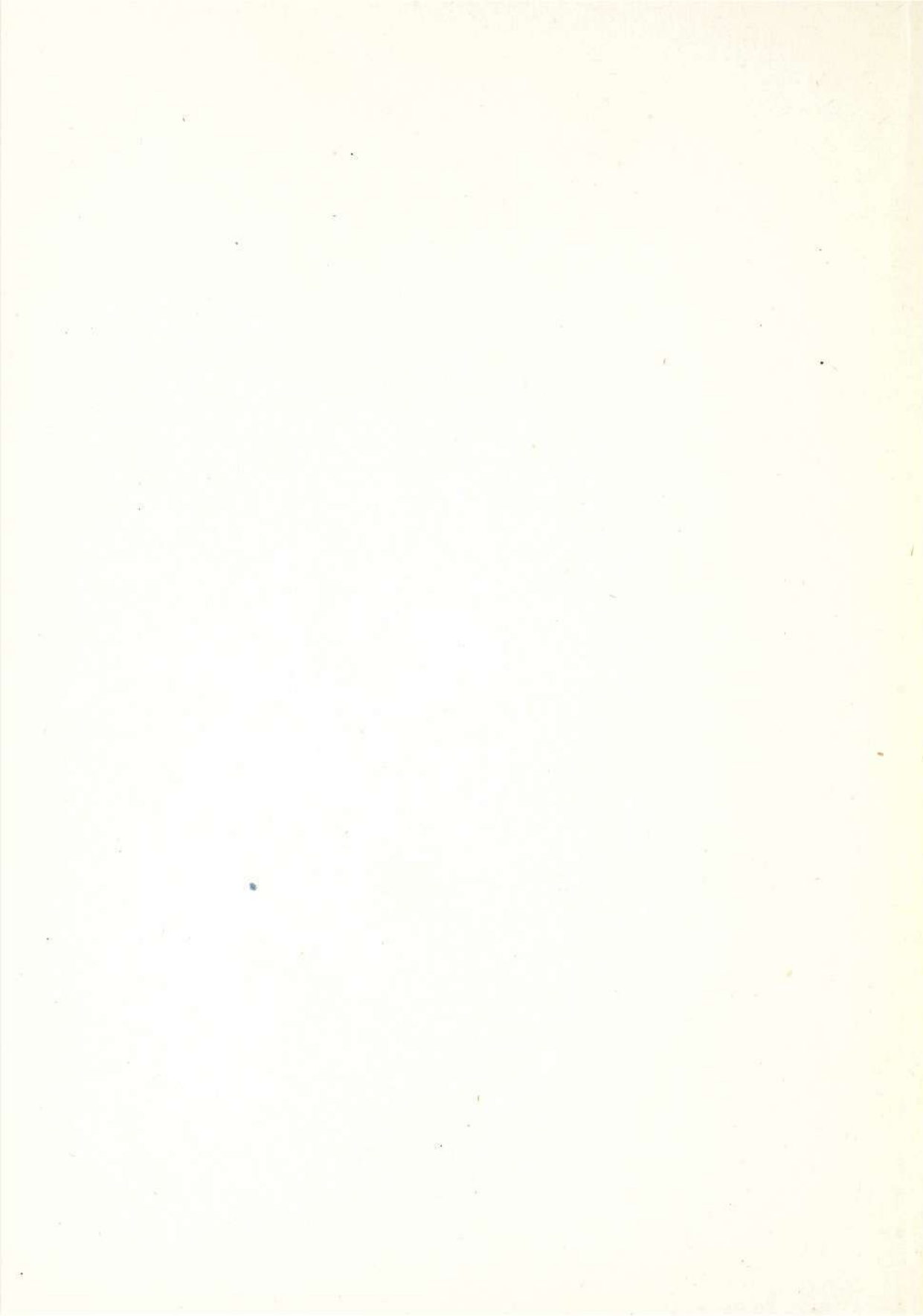
That day when they told me he had gone down in the avalanche, and could not be found until the snow melted in Spring, I did nothing. I could not cry. Why should he die? Why should he die and his child live? His little child alive in me, for my comfort. No, Good God, for my misery! I cannot face the shame, to be a mother, and not married, and the poor child to be reviled for having no father. Merciful Mother, Holy Virgin, take away this sin I did. Let the baby not be. Only take the stigma off of me!

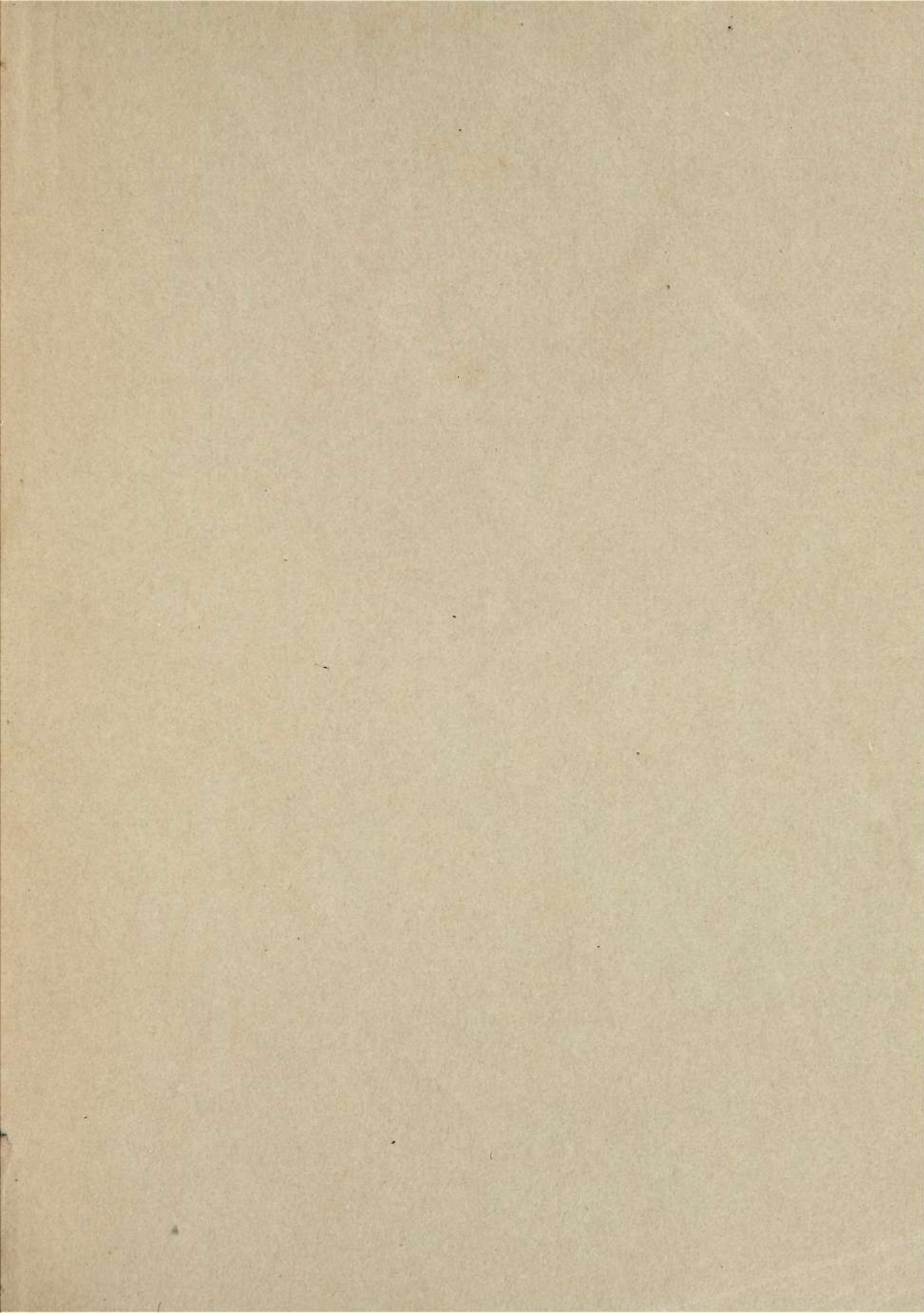
I have told no one but you, Holy Mary. My mother would call me "whore," and spit upon me; the priest would have me repent, and have the rest of my life spent in a convent. I am no whore, no bad woman; he loved me, and

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we were to be married. I carried him always in my heart, what did it matter if I gave him the least part of me too? You were a virgin, Holy Mother, but you had a son; you know there are times when a woman must give all. There is some call to give and hold back nothing. I swear I obeyed God then, and this child who lives in me is the sign. What am I saying? He is dead, my beautiful, strong man! I shall never feel him caress me again. This is the only baby I shall have. Oh, Holy Virgin, protect my little baby! My little, helpless baby!

He will look like his father, and he will be as fast a runner and as good a shot. Not that he shall be no scholar neither. He shall go to school in winter, and learn to read and write, and my father will teach him to carve, so that he can make the little horses, and cows, and chamois, out of white wood. Oh, no! no! no! How can I think such things!—I am not good. My father will have nothing to do with my boy, I shall be an outcast thing. Oh, Mother of our Lord God, be merciful, take away my shame! Let my body be as it was before he came. No little baby for me to keep underneath my heart for those long months. To live for and to get comfort from. I cannot go home and tell my mother. She is so hard and righteous. She never loved my father, and we were born for duty, not for love. I cannot face it. Holy Mother, take my baby away! Take away my little baby! I don't want it, I can't bear it!





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there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.

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NO. III

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JUNE, 1914

On Heaven Ford Madox Hueffer

Iron Carl Sandburg

The Falconer of God . William Rose Benét

Poems Grace Hazard Conkling
To the Mexican Nightingale—Ave Venezia—
"I will not give thee all my heart"—The Little
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The Tram—On Hampstead Heath—A Catch
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"Too Far From Paris"—Mr. Hueffer and the
Prose Tradition in Verse—Notes.

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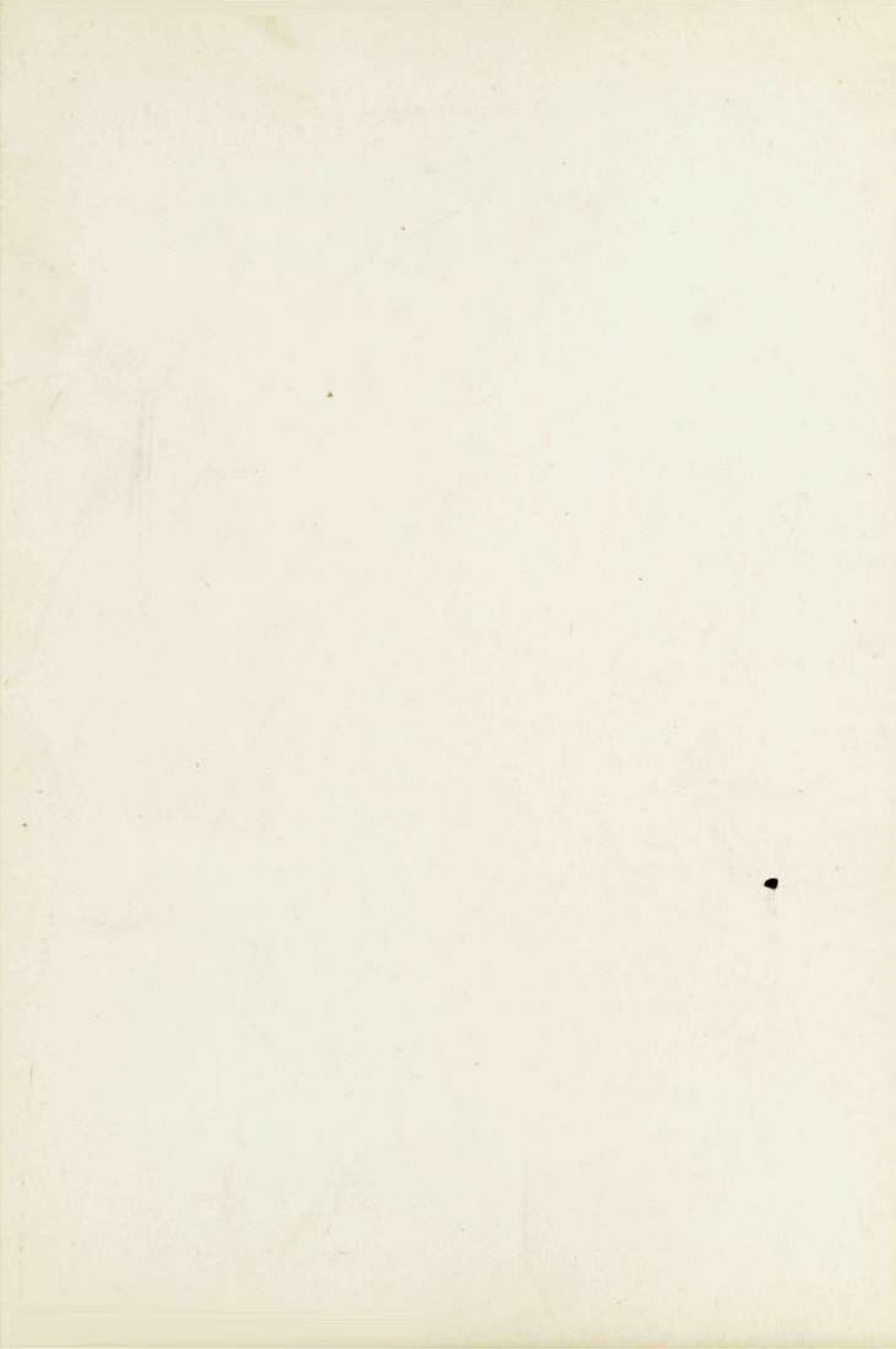
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JUNE, 1914

ON HEAVEN

*To V., who asked for a plan
for a working Heaven.*

I.



HAT day the sunlight lay on the farms,
On the morrow the bitter frost that there was!
That night my young love lay in my arms,
The morrow how bitter it was!

And because she is very tall and quaint
And golden, like a *quattrocento* saint,
I desire to write about Heaven;
To tell you the shape and the ways of it,
And the joys and the toil and the maze of it,
For these there must be in Heaven,
Even in Heaven!
For God is a good man, God is a kind man,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And God's a good brother, and God is no blind man,
And God is our father.

I will tell you how this thing began:
How I waited in a little town near Lyons many years,
And yet knew nothing of passing time, or of her tears,
But, for nine slow years, lounged away at my table in the
 shadowy sunlit square
Where the small cafés are.

The Place is small and shaded by great planes,
Over a rather human monument
Set up to *Louis Dixhuit* in the year
Eighteen fourteen; a funny thing with dolphins
About a pyramid of green-dripped, sordid stone.
But the enormous, monumental planes
Shade it all in, and in the flecks of sun
Sit market women. There's a paper shop
Painted all blue, a shipping agency,
Three or four cafés; dank, dark colonnades
Of an eighteen-forty *Mairie*. I'd no wish
To wait for her where it was picturesque,
Or ancient or historic, or to love
Over well any place in the land before she came
And loved it too. I didn't even go
To Lyons for the opera; Arles for the bulls,
Or Avignon for glimpses of the Rhone.
Not even to Beaucaire! I sat about

On Heaven

And played long games of dominoes with the *maire*,
Or passing *commis-voyageurs*. And so
I sat and watched the trams come in, and read
The *Libre Parole* and sipped the thin, fresh wine
They call Piquette, and got to know the people,
The kind, southern people. . . .

Until, when the years were over, she came in her swift
red car,
Shooting out past a tram; and she slowed and stopped and
lighted absently down,
A little dazed, in the heart of the town;
And nodded imperceptibly.
With a sideways look at me.

So our days here began.

And the wrinkled old woman who keeps the café,
And the man
Who sells the *Libre Parole*,
And the sleepy gendarme,
And the fat *facteur* who delivers letters only in the shady,
Pleasanter kind of streets;
And the boy I often gave a penny,
And the *maire* himself, and the little girl who loves toffee
And me because I have given her many sweets;
And the one-eyed, droll
Bookseller of the *rue Grand de Provence*,—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Chancing to be going home to bed,
Smiled with their kindly, fresh benevolence,
Because they knew I had waited for a lady
Who should come in a swift, red, English car,
To the square where the little cafés are.
And the old, old woman touched me on the wrist
With a wrinkled finger,
And said: "Why do you linger?—
Too many kisses can never be kissed!
And comfort her—nobody here will think harm—
Take her instantly to your arm!
It is a little strange, you know, to your dear,
To be dead!"

But one is English,
Though one be never so much of a ghost;
And if most of your life have been spent in the craze to
relinquish
What you want most,
You will go on relinquishing,
You will go on vanquishing
Human longings, even
In Heaven.

God! You will have forgotten what the rest of the world
is on fire for—
The madness of desire for the long and quiet embrace,
The coming nearer of a tear-wet face;

On Heaven

Forgotten the desire to slake
The thirst, and the long, slow ache,
And to interlace
Lash with lash, lip with lip, limb with limb, and the fingers
of the hand with the hand
And . . .

You will have forgotten
But they will all awake;
Aye, all of them shall awaken
In this dear place.
And all that then we took
Of all that we might have taken,
Was that one embracing look,
Coursing over features, over limbs, between eyes, a making
sure, and a long sigh,
Having the tranquillity
Of trees unshaken,
And the softness of sweet tears,
And the clearness of a clear brook
To wash away past years.
(For that too is the quality of Heaven,
That you are conscious always of great pain
Only when it is over
And shall not come again.
Thank God, thank God, it shall not come again,
Though your eyes be never so wet with the tears
Of many years!)

II

And so she stood a moment by the door
 Of the long, red car. Royally she stepped down,
 Settling on one long foot and leaning back
 Amongst her russet furs. And she looked round . . .
 Of course it must be strange to come from England
 Straight into Heaven. You must take it in,
 Slowly, for a long instant, with some fear . . .
 Now that *affiche*, in orange, on the kiosque:
 "Seven Spanish bulls will fight on Sunday next
 At Arles, in the arena" . . . Well, it's strange
 Till you get used to our ways. And, on the *Mairie*,
 The untidy poster telling of the *concours*
De vers de soie, of silkworms. The cocoons
 Pile, yellow, all across the little Places
 Of ninety townships in the environs
 Of Lyons, the city famous for silks.
 What if she's pale? It must be more than strange,
 After these years, to come out here from England
 To a strange place, to the stretched-out arms of me,
 A man never fully known, only divined,
 Loved, guessed at, pledged to, in your Sussex mud,
 Amongst the frost-bound farms by the yeasty sea.
 Oh, the long look; the long, long searching look!
 And how my heart beat!

Well, you see, in England
 She had a husband. And four families—

On Heaven

His, hers, mine, and another woman's too—
Would have gone crazy. And, with all the rest,
Eight parents, and the children, seven aunts
And sixteen uncles and a grandmother.
There were, besides, our names, a few real friends,
And the decencies of life. A monstrous heap!
They made a monstrous heap. I've lain awake
Whole aching nights to tot the figures up!
Heap after heaps, of complications, griefs,
Worries, tongue-clackings, nonsenses and shame
For not making good. You see the coil there was!
And the poor strained fibres of our tortured brains,
And the voice that called from depth in her to depth
In me . . . my God, in the dreadful nights,
Through the roar of the great black winds, through the
 sound of the sea!
Oh agony! Agony! From out my breast
It called whilst the dark house slept, the stairheads creaked;
From within my breast it screamed and made no sound;
And wailed . . . And made no sound.
And howled like the damned. . . No sound! No sound!
Only the roar of the wind, the sound of the sea,
The tick of the clock. . .
And our two voices, noiseless through the dark.
O God! O God!

(That night my young love lay in my arms. . . .

There was a bitter frost lay on the farms

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

In England, by the shiver
And the crawling of the tide;
By the broken silver of the English Channel,
Beneath the aged moon that watched alone—
Poor, dreary, lonely old moon to have to watch alone,
Over the dreary beaches mantled with ancient foam
Like shrunken flannel;
The moon, an intent, pale face, looking down
Over the English Channel.
But soft and warm She lay in the crook of my arm,
And came to no harm since we had come quietly home
Even to Heaven;
Which is situate in a little old town
Not very far from the side of the Rhone,
That mighty river
That is, just there by the Crau, in the lower reaches,
Far wider than the Channel.)

But, in the market place of the other little town,
Where the Rhone is a narrower, greener affair,
When she had looked at me, she beckoned with her long
white hand,
A little languidly, since it is a strain, if a blessed strain, to
have just died.
And, going back again,
Into the long, red, English racing car,
Made room for me amongst the furs at her side.
And we moved away from the kind looks of the kindly
people

On Heaven

Into the wine of the hurrying air.
And very soon even the tall gray steeple
Of Lyons cathedral behind us grew little and far
And then was no more there. . . .
And, thank God, we had nothing any more to think of,
And thank God, we had nothing any more to talk of;
Unless, as it chanced, the flashing silver stalk of the pampas
Growing down to the brink of the Rhone,
On the lawn of a little chateau, giving onto the river.
And we were alone, alone, alone. . . .
At last alone. . . .

The poplars on the hill-crests go marching rank on rank,
And far away to the left, like a pyramid, marches the
ghost of Mont Blanc.
There are vines and vines and vines, all down to the river
bank.
There will be a castle here,
And an abbey there;
And huge quarries and a long white farm,
With long thatched barns and a long wine shed,
As we ran alone, all down the Rhone.

And that day there was no puncturing of the tires to fear;
And no trouble at all with the engine and gear;
Smoothly and softly we ran between the great poplar alley
All down the valley of the Rhone.
For the dear, good God knew how we needed rest and to
be alone.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But, on other days, just as you must have perfect shadows
to make perfect Rembrandts,
He shall afflict us with little lets and hindrances of His own
Devising—just to let us be glad that we are dead. . .
Just for remembrance.

III

Hard by the castle of God in the Alpilles,
In the eternal stone of the Alpilles,
There's this little old town, walled round by the old, gray
gardens. . . .
There were never such olives as grow in the gardens of
God,
The green-gray trees, the wardens of agony
And failure of gods.
Of hatred and faith, of truth, of treachery
They whisper; they whisper that none of the living prevail;
They whirl in the great mistral over the white, dry sods,
Like hair blown back from white foreheads in the enormous
gale
Up to the castle walls of God. . . .

But, in the town that's our home,
Once you are past the wall,
Amongst the trunks of the planes,
Though they roar never so mightily overhead in the day,

On Heaven

All this tumult is quieted down, and all
The windows stand open because of the heat of the night
That shall come.
And, from each little window, shines in the twilight a light,
And, beneath the eternal planes
With the huge, gnarled trunks that were aged and gray
At the creation of Time,
The Chinese lanthorns, hung out at the doors of hotels,
Shimmering in the dusk, here on an orange tree, there on a
sweet-scented lime,
There on a golden inscription: "Hotel of the Three Holy
Bells,"
Or "Hotel Sublime," or "Inn of the Real Good Will."
And, yes, it is very warm and still,
And all the world is a-foot after the heat of the day,
In the cool of the even in Heaven. . . .
And it is here that I have brought my dear to pay her all
that I owed her,
Amidst this crowd, with the soft voices, the soft footfalls,
the rejoicing laughter.
And after the twilight there falls such a warm, soft dark-
ness,
And there will come stealing under the planes a drowsy
odor,
Compounded all of cyclamen, of oranges, of rosemary and
bay,
To take the remembrance of the toil of the day away.

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So we sat at a little table, under an immense plane,
And we remembered again
The blisters and foments
And terrible harassments of the tired brain,
The cold and the frost and the pain,
As if we were looking at a picture and saying: "This is
true!

Why this is a truly painted
Rendering of that street where—you remember?—I
fainted."

And we remembered again
Tranquilly, our poor few tranquil moments,
The falling of the sunlight through the panes,
The flutter forever in the chimney of the quiet flame,
The mutter of our two poor tortured voices, always a-
whisper

And the endless nights when I would cry out, running
through all the gamut of misery, even to a lisp, her name;
And we remembered our kisses, nine, maybe, or eleven—
If you count two that I gave and she did not give again.

And always the crowd drifted by in the cool of the even,
And we saw the faces of friends,
And the faces of those to whom one day we must make
amends,
Smiling in welcome.
And I said: "On another day—
And such a day may well come soon—

We will play dominoes with Dick and Evelyn and Frances
For a whole afternoon.

And, in the time to come, Genée
Shall dance for us, fluttering over the ground as the sun-
light dances."

And *Arlésiennes* with the beautiful faces went by us,
And gypsies and Spanish shepherds, noiseless in sandals of
straw, sauntered nigh us,

Wearing slouch hats and old sheep-skins, and casting ad-
miring glances

From dark, foreign eyes at my dear. . . .

(And ah, it is Heaven alone, to have her alone and so near!)

So all this world rejoices

In the cool of the even

In Heaven. . . .

And, when the cool of the even was fully there,

Came a great ha-ha of voices.

Many children run together, and all laugh and rejoice and
call,

Hurrying with little arms flying, and little feet flying, and
little hurrying haunches,

From the door of a stable,

Where, in an *olla podrida*, they had been playing at the *cor-
rida*

With the black Spanish bull, whose nature

Is patience with children. And so, through the gaps in
the branches

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Of jasmine on our screen beneath the planes,
We saw, coming down from the road that leads to the
 olives and Alpilles,
A man of great stature,
In a great cloak,
With a great stride,
And a little joke
For all and sundry, coming down with a hound at his side.
And he stood at the cross-roads, passing the time of day
In a great, kind voice, the voice of a man-and-a-half!—
With a great laugh, and a great clap on the back,
For a fellow in black—a priest I should say,
Or may be a lover,
Wearing black for his mistress's mood.
“A little toothache,” we could hear him say; “but that’s so
 good
When it gives over.” So he passed from sight
In the soft twilight, into the soft night,
In the soft riot and tumult of the crowd.

And a magpie flew down, laughing, holding up his beak to
 us.
And I said: “That was God! Presently, when he has
 walked through the town
And the night has settled down,
So that you may not be afraid,
In the darkness, he will come to our table and speak to us.”

On Heaven

And past us many saints went walking in a company—
The kindly, thoughtful saints, devising and laughing and
talking,
And smiling at us with their pleasant solicitude.
And because the thick of the crowd followed to the one side
God,
Or to the other the saints, we sat in solitude.
And quietly, quietly walking, there came before us a
woman—
That woman that no man on earth or in Heaven
May not divinely love and prize above
All other women; even above love.
That woman, even she, came walking quietly,
And quietly stood by the table before us,
So near that we could almost hear her breathing.
In the distance the saints went singing all in chorus,
And our Lord went by on the other side of the street,
Holding a little boy,
Taking him to pick the musk-roses that open at dusk,
For wreathing the statue of Jove,
Left on the Alpilles above
By the Romans; since Jove,
Even Jove,
Must not want for his quota of honor and love;
But round about him there must be,
With all its tender jollity,
The laughter of children in Heaven,
Making merry with roses in Heaven.

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Yet never he looked at us, knowing that would be such joy
As must be over-great for hearts that needed quiet;
Such a riot and tumult of joy as quiet hearts are not able
To taste to the full. And then that woman, standing by
our table,
So near that we could mark her quiet breathing,
And the tranquil rise and fall of her breast beneath the
woolen cloak,
And the tender, lovely and mild, dear eyes that looked at
my dear—
That woman spoke, in her soft, clear, certain tone:
"It is so very good to have borne a son;
It is sad that you have no child!"

There went by an old man carrying many carven gourds,
And, as if it gave her the thought of a pilgrimage,
"To Lourdes,"
She said, "is not so very far; go there tomorrow,
And there shall come much joy and little sorrow
With the coming of a son very slender and straight and up-
right,
With a clear glance, and fair cheeks red and white
With our suns of France,
And a sweet voice, very courteous and truthful;
Surely, you shall rejoice!"
And, as she went, looking back over her shoulder, with eyes
so sweet, so clear and so ruthful,
"Go there," she said, "when you have quietly slept,

On Heaven

And kneel you down upon the green grass sod,
And ask then for your child; my word shall be kept.
For these are the dear, pretty angels of God,
And of them there cannot be too many."

And so I said to my dear one: "That is our Lady!"
And my dear one sat in the shadows; very softly she wept:—
Such joy is in Heaven,
In the cool of the even,
After the burden and toil of the days,
After the heat and haze
In the vine-hills; or in the shady
Whispering groves in high passes up in the Alpilles,
Guarding the castle of God.

And I went on talking towards her unseen face:
(Ah God, the peace, to know that she was there!)
"So it is, so it goes, in this beloved place,
There shall be never a grief but passes; no, not any;
There shall be such bright light and no blindness;
There shall be so little awe and so much loving-kindness;
There shall be a little longing and enough care,
There shall be a little labor and enough of toil
To bring back the lost flavor of our human coil;
Not enough to taint it;
And all that we desire shall prove as fair as we can paint
it."

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

For, though that may be the very hardest trick of all
God set himself, who fashioned this goodly hall,
Thus he has made Heaven;
Even Heaven.

For God is a very clever mechanician;
And if he made this proud and goodly ship of the world,
From the maintop to the hull,
Do you think he could not finish it to the full,
With a flag and all,
And make it sail, tall and brave,
On the waters, beyond the grave?
It should cost but very little rhetoric
To explain for you that last, fine, conjuring trick;
Nor does God need to be a very great magician
To give to each man after his heart,
Who knows very well what each man has in his heart:
To let you pass your life in a night-club where they dance,
If that is your idea of heaven; if you will, in the South of
France;
If you will, on the turbulent sea; if you will, in the peace
of the night;
Where you will; how you will;
Or in the long death of a kiss, that may never pall:
He would be a very little God if he could not do all this,
And he is still
The great God of all.

On Heaven

For God is a good man; God is a kind man;
In the darkness he came walking to our table beneath the
 planes,
And spoke
So kindly to my dear,
With a little joke,
Giving himself some pains
To take away her fear
Of his stature,
So as not to abash her,
In no way at all to dash her new pleasure beneath the
 planes,
In the cool of the even
In heaven.

That, that is God's nature.
For God's a good brother, and God is no blind man,
And God's a good mother and loves sons who're rovers,
And God is our father and loves all good lovers.
He has a kindly smile for many a poor sinner;
He takes note to make it up to poor wayfarers on sodden
 roads;
Such as bear heavy loads
He takes note of, and of all that toil on bitter seas and
 frosty lands,
He takes care that they shall have good at his hands;
Well he takes note of a poor old cook,
Cooking your dinner;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And much he loves sweet joys in such as ever took
Sweet joy on earth. He has a kindly smile for a kiss
Given in a shady nook.
And in the golden book
Where the accounts of his estate are kept,
All the round, golden sovereigns of bliss,
Known by poor lovers, married or never yet married,
Whilst the green world waked, or the black world quietly
slept;
All joy, all sweetness, each sweet sign that's sighed—
Their accounts are kept,
And carried
By the love of God to his own credit's side.
So that is why he came to our table to welcome my dear,
dear bride,
In the cool of the even
In front of a café in Heaven.

Ford Madox Hueffer

IRON

Guns,
Long, steel guns,
Pointed from the war ships
In the name of the war god.
Straight, shining, polished guns,
Clambered over with jackies in white blouses,
Glory of tan faces, tousled hair, white teeth,
Laughing lithe jackies in white blouses,
Sitting on the guns singing war songs, war chanties.

Shovels,
Broad, iron shovels,
Scooping out oblong vaults,
Loosening turf and leveling sod.

I ask you
To witness—
The shovel is brother to the gun.

Carl Sandburg

THE FALCONER OF GOD

I flung my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!
 I shall start a heron soon
 In the marsh beneath the moon—
A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,
 Rising and crying
 Wordless, wondrous things;
 The secret of the stars, of the world's heart-strings
 The answer to their woe.
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.
 I heard the mournful loon
 In the marsh beneath the moon.
And then, with feathery thunder, the bird of my desire
 Broke from the cover
 Flashing silver fire.
 High up among the stars I saw his pinions spire.
 The pale clouds gazed aghast
As my falcon stooped upon him, and gript and held him fast.

My soul dropped through the air—with heavenly plunder?—
Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?
 Nay! but a piteous freight,
 A dark and heavy weight

The Falconer of God

Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever stilled,—
All of the wonder
Gone that ever filled
Its guise with glory. O bird that I have killed,
How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.

I shall start a heron soon

In the marsh beneath the moon—

A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!

I beat forever

The fens and the sedges.

The pledge is still the same—for all disastrous pledges,
All hopes resigned!

My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall find!

William Rose Benét.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

POEMS

TO THE MEXICAN NIGHTINGALE

El Clarin

Clarín, from what glens of air
Chime your cameo-colored bells?
When they ring, I know them rare,
Fluted like the lips of shells
For the tone to ripple down,
Honey-pale or amber-brown.

When the tawny evening spills
Drops of topaz down the pine,
Light denied the dusking hills,
Do you gather and confine
In some clear aerial jar,
On the branch where flits the star?

Do you pour the liquid light
Early from your lyric urn?
Nay, it was at midmost night
That I heard among the fern
Golden drops that fell in showers,
Shaken down as out of flowers!

When the rain of light was gone,
Poured in rhyming gold like rain,
How your elfin bells at dawn

Delicately chimed again,
Soft as sea-shells murmur of
Her whose lovely name is Love!

Did the Foam-born brim those bells
With the wistful melodies
Of enchanted vocal shells?
Does the satin sigh of trees
Bring a memory of foam?
Clarin, do you sing of home?

AVE VENEZIA

The ocean is a garden
That folds you closely home
With larkspur-blue from heaven,
And roses of bright foam.

The dawn upon your waters
Is like anemones:
Your noons are flaked with scarlet
As from pomegranate trees.

The bubble-towers that sunset
Dilates with rainbow light,
Dusk turns to shadowed silver
Like olive trees at night.

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O silver of dark olives,
Of cool night-shrouded seas,
That gives you rest from color,
And time for memories!

"I WILL NOT GIVE THEE ALL MY HEART"

I will not give thee all my heart
For that I need a place apart
To dream my dreams in, and I know
Few sheltered ways for dreams to go:
But when I shut the door upon
Some secret wonder—still, withdrawn—
Why dost thou love me even more,
And hold me closer than before?

When I of Love demand the least,
Thou biddest him to fire and feast:
When I am hungry and would eat,
There is no bread, though crusts were sweet.
If I with manna may be fed,
Shall I go all uncomforted?
Nay! Howsoever dear thou art,
I will not give thee all my heart.

THE LITTLE TOWN

Written in Germany

O little town of memories,
So brown and golden in the light,
Do you remember one who sees
You beckon, day and night?

There is a sweet French town that broods
Dove-grey upon a rounded hill,
Whose peopled streets were solitudes
To me, a wanderer still.

And in the South a white town sleeps:
Carven of ivory it seems:
But a man's heart perversely keeps
Such beauty for his dreams.

The rosiest, cosiest town I know
Is this above the rushing Rhine:
Here might he stay who could not go
Home to a town like mine.

They do not know you, little town,
Who say that all roads lead to Rome:
I've tramped the broad world up and down,
And every road leads home.

Grace Hazard Conkling.

THE TRAM

Humming and creaking, the car down the street
Lumbered and lurched through thunderous gloam,
Bearing us, spent and dumb with the heat,
From office and counter and factory home:

Sallow-faced clerks, genteel in black;
Girls from the laundries, draggled and dank;
Ruddy-faced laborers slouching slack;
A broken actor, grizzled and lank;

A mother with querulous babe on her lap;
A schoolboy whistling under his breath;
An old man crouched in a dreamless nap;
A widow with eyes on the eyes of death;

A priest; a sailor with deep-sea gaze;
A soldier in scarlet with waxed moustache;
A drunken trollop in velvet and lace;
All silent in that tense dusk . . . when a flash

Of lightning shivered the sultry gloom:
With shattering brattle the whole sky fell
About us, and rapt to a dazzling doom
We glided on in a timeless spell,

A Catch for Singing

Unscathed through deluge and flying fire
In a magical chariot of streaming glass,
Cut off from our kind and the world's desire,
Made one by the awe that had come to pass.

ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH

Against the green flame of the hawthorn-tree,
His scarlet tunic burns;
And livelier than the green sap's mantling glee
The spring fire tingles through him headily
As quivering he turns

And stammers out the old amazing tale
Of youth and April weather;
While she, with half-breathed jests that, sobbing, fail,
Sits, tight-lipped, quaking, eager-eyed and pale,
Beneath her purple feather.

A CATCH FOR SINGING

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
"Alack, and well-a-day!"
Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:
"The cherry-tree's in flourish!"

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Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
"The world is growing gray."

Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:
"The cherry-tree's in flourish!"

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
"Both flower and fruit decay."

Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:
"The cherry-tree's in flourish!"

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
"Alack, and well-a-day!

The world is growing gray:

And flower and fruit decay.

Beware, Old Man—beware, Old Man!

For the end of life is nearing;

And the grave yawns by the way. . ."

Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:

"I'm a trifle hard of hearing;

And can't catch a word you say. . .

But the cherry-tree's in flourish!"

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"TOO FAR FROM PARIS"



T is easy to be patriotic in the days of a country's adversity; for then patriotism means something very personal. Its root is personal, no doubt, although that does not prevent the emotion's transcending the bounds of a merely selfish personal motive. But the fact that the sentiment is emotional and personal, rather than abstract and rhetorical, is what constitutes its living force.

When a country is in adversity then this emotion is continuously active. It is a passion which absorbs all the energies. So much so that it completely enlists the services not only of men of action and practical life, but also of the contemplatives, the poets, the dreamers, for whom this emotion, like others, becomes transmuted into something beyond the personal emotion.

But when a country is in the full tide of prosperity this emotion may remain dormant. The maternal love is often not awakened until the life of its offspring is threatened. The panther, fighting for its cubs; or a people subjected to tyranny, foreign rule or invasion, impoverished or destitute of succor, these are analagous. And curiously enough, it is exactly in such times of oppression and adversity that a country turns to its poets, admits their worth and is consoled or inspired to fresh courage by their songs. It may

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be, so far as practical demonstration goes, that this is the supreme justification of the poet; and it may be that only in such a crisis does the country realize how much its poets and artists have contributed to the essential growth, mental, physical and spiritual, of the nation. This contribution is woven into the national make-up as surely as the wheat that has gone into the bread and nourished the bodies of the people. It is an integral part of that national entity whose destruction the people resent as surely as the ravages of fire and sword that lay waste their territories.

Happy is that country, therefore, which, in times of prosperity, nourishes and cherishes great poetry and great art; and happy are those poets who do not need to wait for a threatening fate to move them to song whose spirit is at once national and individual, a realization of life in terms of immediate experience.

We, in the United States, have need at present of just such poets.

It is easy for us to appreciate the Irishman's zealous love for Ireland, the celebration of Bengal by the great East Indian poet, or the passionate spirit of the Roumanian folk-songs. Not only have these the direct motive of adversity, the minor note of which has been so much in sympathy with the spirit of the last century's literary movement, but they are all deep-rooted in that tradition which has had its earliest expression in folk-songs and legends—always an enduring basis for subsequent poets and artists, and an integral part of the blood and bone of the people.

Too Far From Paris

But here in the United States we have naturally that direct break with the past which is an artificial feature of the creed of certain revolutionary European artists and poets. The European traditions of our early settlers have, through the flux of constant new additions, worn away; the imported folk-songs are almost all buried with the snows of yesteryear; the legends remain as literary deposits, in no way native, vital or moving. All that we owe to the native soil itself is Indian or negro, and the latter,—we can not say certainly how much—is of African origin. These, while very interesting, do not belong to us in any racial sense. They are exotic, and any attempt to be national through the use of this material is begging the question. Therefore, whatever contribution this country makes to the great international body of literature or art must be largely individual, and the contribution already made by this country has been individual. The nation has been expressed through the individual. Poe and Whitman in poetry, Whistler and Sargent in art, Hawthorne and Henry James, Mark Twain and Bret Harte, Lincoln, and a few fine architects,—these, although diverse, have given us the soul of the nation through the expression of individuality.

Meantime the nation is still very busy finding itself. For the American poets of today to be told that they are too far from Paris is an anachronism. Incidentally it may be remarked that the temperamental distance between Calais and Dover is very much greater than that between Calais and Chicago! "Know thyself" is the first postulate for the

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poet, as it is for the mystic. The "critical mind of France" has a very great value, but the creative source of much of the modern European movement is American in spirit, or draws its inspiration from that international current of thought of which the fertilizing seeds are not confined to any one nation, and of which the United States has certainly furnished heroic growths.

Edgar Allan Poe, who was never in France, is nevertheless a leading figure in the French symbolist movement; Hawthorne's fine realism, not concerned with externals alone, is of international significance; Whistler, by his keen analysis and perfect synthesis of the divergent tendencies of his period, is recognized as the progenitor of all that is vitally true and lasting in modern art. And then there is Walt Whitman, whose large cosmic "I" and inclusive technique seem to embrace many separate schools of French, German, and English followers. Especially to be emphasized in this connection is the fact that each of the Americans of acknowledged creative genius is equally gifted with the critical faculty, building from basic first principles and owing nothing to superficial contemporary models.

So individual is the creative structure reared by these men that imitation seems almost to bear upon its face the stigma of plagiarism. Emulation is in the spirit rather than in method, and for this reason the school or group unit is more rare in the United States than on the continent or in England or Ireland. More numerous, indeed, in Europe than in America, the continental followers of Whitman have

escaped imitation through the diversity of language. But if, even so, these European disciples complain of the allegiance of American poets to the Whitman model, whose right is greater? Indeed, it is much better for the young American poet today to build upon Whitman, as the Greeks upon Homer, than to imitate the twilight tone of the Celtic Revival and the English poets of the 'nineties (indirectly indebted through the French symbolists to Poe), or the modern French school, which furnishes them an indirect, rather than a direct, method of approaching Whitman.

It may be that the spirit of Whitman is still, in any large sense, to capture. It will be captured and transmuted into expressions varying widely in outward form if the American poets realize their birthright and heritage of individual genius. There is no doubt that a wider acquaintance with the critical mind of France or England is valuable, but its chief value lies, not in imposing foreign standards and models, against which a healthy reaction is a good sign of vitality, but in awakening American poets to a sense of the creative sources and forces that lie nearer home.

The main thing is self-realization; after that comes self-expression, and through self-expression, the expression of the race or nation.

Nothing could have furnished a greater contrast at the recent dinner given in Chicago than the reading by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay of their poems. Supreme in his own art, and a spokesman for his fellow-craftsmen in England and Ireland, Mr. Yeats carried the

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audience by the power of his poetry as poetry. We were moved with him for romantic Ireland dead and gone, and O'Leary in his grave, although we did not know Mr. O'Leary any more than Mr. Yeats knew Lincoln. The poems of other writers that Mr. Yeats read were also beautiful. He praised their simplicity of diction, which was wholly admirable. He belittled the Victorian rhetorical morality, which has already, so far as we are concerned, shrunk to the size of a pea, though evidences of its survival are still as prevalent in the *English Review* and other English periodicals as they are in American magazines—and indeed a large proportion of those in American magazines come from English sources. But, and I do not believe that Mr. Yeats thought of it, all the poems that he read except his own, however simple and explicit in diction, portrayed poetic fixities, or took their root in past tradition: Miss Coleridge's in the Nativity; Mr. Sturge Moore's in Greek symbols of emotion. So it was naturally with something of a shock that Mr. Lindsay broke the spell with his newly quarried *Congo*.

Mr. Lindsay did not go to France for *The Congo* or for *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven*. He did not even stay on the eastern side of the Alleghenies.

The traditions of the past are as open to the poet of Springfield as to the poet of Paris. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, the Upanishads—Walt Whitman on the shores of Long Island accepted and acknowledged his debt.

But the tradition of the present is yet to make.

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We cannot forecast Mr. Lindsay's future. He is already, as Mr. Yeats said, assured for the anthologies. But his example is valuable. He is realizing himself in relation to direct experience, and he is not adapting to his work a twilight tone which is quite foreign to him, as it is, generally speaking, to the temperament of the nation. He is working out his salvation in his own way. It will be his salvation at any rate, and therefore worth more to him than if he trundled in on the coat-tails of English or French credentials, and much more worth while to the nation.

The task for the American poet is twice as difficult as it is for his continental brother. The artistic tradition upon which he has to build is solely, as I have said, individual. It is a great tradition, nevertheless, and essentially so in spirit, and it is in spirit that it must be emulated.

A. C. H.

MR. HUEFFER AND THE PROSE TRADITION IN VERSE

Collected Poems, by Ford Madox Hueffer. Max Goschen, London.

In a country in love with amateurs, in a country where the incompetent have such beautiful manners, and personalities so fragile and charming, that one can not bear to injure their feelings by the introduction of competent criticism, it is well that one man should have a vision of perfection and that he should be sick to the death and disconsolate because he can not attain it.

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Mr. Yeats wrote years ago that the highest poetry is so precious that one should be willing to search many a dull tome to find and gather the fragments. As touching poetry this was, perhaps, no new feeling. Yet where nearly everyone else is still dominated by an eighteenth-century verbalism, Mr. Hueffer has had this instinct for prose. It is he who has insisted, in the face of a still Victorian press, upon the importance of good writing as opposed to the opalescent word, the rhetorical tradition. Stendhal had said, and Flaubert, De Maupassant and Turgenev had proved, that "prose was the higher art"—at least their prose.

Of course it is impossible to talk about perfection without getting yourself very much disliked. It is even more difficult in a capital where everybody's Aunt Lucy or Uncle George has written something or other, and where the victory of any standard save that of mediocrity would at once banish so many nice people from the temple of immortality. So it comes about that Mr. Hueffer is the best critic in England, one might say the only critic of any importance. What he says today the press, the reviewers, who hate him and who disparage his books, will say in about nine years' time, or possibly sooner. Shelley, Yeats, Swinburne, with their "unacknowledged legislators," with "Nothing affects these people except our conversation," with "The rest live under us;" Rémy De Gourmont, when he says that most men think only husks and shells of the thoughts that have been already lived over by others, have shown their very just appreciation of the system of echoes, of the general vacuity

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of public opinion. America is like England, America is very much what England would be with the two hundred most interesting people removed. One's life is the score of this two hundred with whom one happens to have made friends. I do not see that we need to say the rest live under them, but it is certain that what these people say comes to pass. They live in their mutual credence, and thus they live things over and fashion them before the rest of the world is aware. I dare say it is a Cassandra-like and useless faculty, at least from the world's point of view. Mr. Hueffer has possessed the peculiar faculty of "foresight," or of constructive criticism, in a pre-eminent degree. Real power will run any machine. Mr. Hueffer said fifteen years ago that a certain unknown Bonar Law would lead the conservative party. Five years ago he said with equal impartiality that Mr. D. H. Lawrence would write notable prose, that Mr. De la Mare could write verses, and that *Chance* would make Conrad popular.

Of course if you think things ten or fifteen or twenty years before anyone else thinks them you will be considered absurd and ridiculous. Mr. Allen Upward, thinking with great lucidity along very different lines, is still considered absurd. Some professor feels that if certain ideas gain ground he will have to rewrite his lectures, some parson feels that if certain other ideas are accepted he will have to throw up his position. They search for the forecaster's weak points.

Mr. Hueffer is still underestimated for another reason also: namely, that we have not yet learned that prose is as

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precious and as much to be sought after as verse, even its shreds and patches. So that, if one of the finest chapters in English is hidden in a claptrap novel, we cannot weigh the vision which made it against the weariness or the confusion which dragged down the rest of the work. Yet we would do this readily with a poem. If a novel have a form as distinct as that of a sonnet, and if its workmanship be as fine as that of some Pleiade rondel, we complain of the slightness of the motive. Yet we would not deny praise to the rondel. So it remains for a prose craftsman like Mr. Arnold Bennett to speak well of Mr. Hueffer's prose, and for a verse-craftsman like myself to speak well of his verses. And the general public will have little or none of him because he does not put on pontifical robes, because he does not take up the megaphone of some known and accepted pose, and because he makes enemies among the stupid by his rather engaging frankness.

We may as well begin reviewing the *Collected Poems* with the knowledge that Mr. Hueffer is a keen critic and a skilled writer of prose, and we may add that he is not wholly unsuccessful as a composer, and that he has given us, in *On Heaven*, the best poem yet written in the "twentieth-century fashion."

I drag in these apparently extraneous matters in order to focus attention on certain phases of significance, which might otherwise escape the hurried reader in a volume where the actual achievement is uneven. Coleridge has spoken of "the miracle that might be wrought simply by one man's feel-

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ing a thing more clearly or more poignantly than anyone had felt it before." The last century showed us a fair example when Swinburne awoke to the fact that poetry was an art, not merely a vehicle for the propagation of doctrine. England and Germany are still showing the effects of his perception. I can not belittle my belief that Mr. Hueffer's realization that poetry should be written at least as well as prose will have as wide a result. He himself will tell you that it is "all Christina Rossetti," and that "it was not Wordsworth, for Wordsworth was so busied about the ordinary word that he never found time to think about *le mot juste*."

As for Christina, Mr. Hueffer is a better critic than I am, and I would be the last to deny that a certain limpidity and precision are the ultimate qualities of style; yet I can not accept his opinion. Christina had these qualities, it is true—in places, but they are to be found also in Browning and even in Swinburne at rare moments. Christina very often sets my teeth on edge,—and so for that matter does Mr. Hueffer. But it is the function of criticism to find what a given work is, not what it is not. It is also the faculty of a capital or of high civilization to value a man for some rare ability, to make use of him and not hinder him or itself by asking of him faculties which he does not possess.

Mr. Hueffer may have found certain properties of style first, for himself, in Christina, but others have found them elsewhere, notably in Arnaut Daniel and in Guido and in Dante, where Christina herself would have found them.

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Still there is no denying that there is less of the *ore rotundo* in Christina's work than in that of her contemporaries, and that there is also in Hueffer's writing a clear descent from such passages as:

I listened to their honest chat:
Said one: "Tomorrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one: "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."
Said one: "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

We find the qualities of what some people are calling "the modern cadence" in this strophe, also in *A Dirge*, in *Up Hill*, in—

Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
and in—

Sometimes I said: "It is an empty name
I long for; to a name why should I give
The peace of all the days I have to live?"—
Yet gave it all the same.

Mr. Hueffer brings to his work a prose training such as Christina never had, and it is absolutely the devil to try to quote snippets from a man whose poems are gracious impressions, leisurely, low-toned. One would quote *The Starling*, but one would have to give the whole three pages of it. And one would like to quote patches out of the curious medley, *To All the Dead*,—save that the picturesque patches aren't the whole or the feel of it; or Sussmund's capricious *Address*, a sort of *Inferno* to the *Heaven* which we are print-

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ing for the first time in another part of this issue. But that also is too long, so I content myself with the opening of an earlier poem, *Finchley Road*.

As we come up at Baker Street
Where tubes and trains and 'buses meet
There's a touch of fog and a touch of sleet;
And we go on up Hampstead way
Toward the closing in of day. . . .

You should be a queen or a duchess rather,
Reigning, instead of a warlike father,
In peaceful times o'er a tiny town,
Where all the roads wind up and down
From your little palace—a small, old place
Where every soul should know your face
And bless your coming.

I quote again, from a still earlier poem where the quiet of his manner is less marked:

Being in Rome I wonder will you go
Up to the Hill. But I forget the name . . .
Aventine? Pincio? No: I do not know
I was there yesterday and watched. You came.

(*I give the opening only to "place" the second portion of the poem.*)

Though you're in Rome you will not go, my You,
Up to that Hill . . . but I forget the name.
Aventine? Pincio? No, I never knew . . .
I was there yesterday. You never came.

I have that Rome; and you, you have a Me,
You have a Rome, and I, I have my You;
My Rome is not your Rome: my You, not you.

. For, if man knew woman
I should have plumbed your heart; if woman, man,
Your Me should be true I . . . If in your day—
You who have mingled with my soul in dreams,
You who have given my life an aim and purpose,

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A heart, an imaged form—if in your dreams
You have imagined unfamiliar cities
And me among them, I shall never stand
Beneath your pillars or your poplar groves, . . .
Images, simulacra, towns of dreams
That never march upon each other's borders,
And bring no comfort to each other's hearts!

I present this passage, not because it is an example of Mr. Hueffer's no longer reminiscent style, but because, like much that appeared four years ago in *Songs from London*, or earlier still in *From Inland*, it hangs in my memory. And so little modern work does hang in one's memory, and these books created so little excitement when they appeared. One took them as a matter of course, and they're not a matter of course, and still less is the later work a matter of course. Oh well, you all remember the preface to the collected poems with its passage about the Shepherd's Bush exhibition, for it appeared first as a pair of essays in POETRY, so there is no need for me to speak further of Mr. Hueffer's aims or of his prose, or of his power to render an impression.

There is in his work another phase that depends somewhat upon his knowledge of instrumental music. Dante has defined a poem as a composition of words set to music, and the intelligent critic will demand that either the composition of words or the music shall possess a certain interest, or that there be some aptitude in their jointure together. It is true that since Dante's day—and indeed his day and Cassella's saw a re-beginning of it—"music" and "poetry" have drifted apart, and we have had a third thing which is called "word music." I mean we have poems which are read or even, in a

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fashion, intoned, and are "musical" in some sort of complete or inclusive sense that makes it impossible or inadvisable to "set them to music." I mean obviously such poems as the First Chorus of *Atalanta* or many of Mr. Yeats' lyrics. The words have a music of their own, and a second "musician's" music is an impertinence or an intrusion.

There still remains the song to sing: to be "set to music," and of this sort of poem Mr. Hueffer has given us notable examples in his rendering of Von der Vogelweide's *Tan-
daradei* and, in lighter measure, in his own *The Three-Ten*:

When in the prime and May-day time dead lovers went a-walking,
How bright the grass in lads' eyes was, how easy poet's talking!
Here were green hills and daffodils, and copses to contain them:
Daisies for floors did front their doors agog for maids to chain
them.

So when the ray of rising day did pierce the eastern heaven
Maids did arise to make the skies seem brighter far by seven.
Now here's a street where 'bus routes meet, and 'twixt the wheels
and paving

Standeth a lout who doth hold out flowers not worth the
having.

*But see, but see! The clock strikes three above the Kilburn
Station,
Those maids, thank God, are 'neath the sod and all their gen-
eration.*

What she shall wear who'll soon appear, it is not hood nor
wimple,

But by the powers there are no flowers so stately or so simple.
And paper shops and full 'bus tops confront the sun so
brightly,

That, come three-ten, no lovers then had hearts that beat so
lightly

As ours or loved more truly,
Or found green shades or flowered glades to fit their loves more
duly.

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*And see, and see! 'Tis ten past three above the Kilburn Station,
Those maids, thank God! are 'neath the sod and all their generation.*

Oh well, there are very few song writers in England, and it's a simple old-fashioned song with a note of futurism in its very lyric refrain; and I dare say you will pay as little attention to it as I did five years ago. And if you sing it aloud, once over, to yourself, I dare say you'll be just as incapable of getting it out of your head, which is perhaps one test of a lyric.

It is not, however, for Mr. Hueffer's gift of song-writing that I have reviewed him at such length; this gift is rare but not novel. I find him significant and revolutionary because of his insistence upon clarity and precision, upon the prose tradition; in brief, upon efficient writing—even in verse.

Ezra Pound.

Note. Mr. Hueffer is not an *imagiste*, but an impressionist. Confusion has arisen because of my inclusion of one of his poems in the *Anthologie des Imagistes*. *E. P.*

NOTES.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, of London, is the author of numerous novels, and of books of verse now included in the *Collected Poems*, reviewed in this issue. He was the founder and first editor of the *English Review*.

Mr. Carl Sandburg, of Chicago, was introduced by POETRY last March.

Mr. William Rose Benét, a young New York poet who is on the staff of *The Century*, has published one book of verse, *Merchants from Cathay* (Century Co.) a second,

The Falconer of God and Other Poems (Yale University Press), will soon appear.

Grace Hazard Conkling (Mrs. Roscoe P. Conkling), lives now in her native state, New York, after several years' residence in Heidelberg, Paris and Mexico. Her *Symphony of a Mexican Garden* was printed in the first number of POETRY. She has published no book as yet.

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, who is one of the Poetry Bookshop group of young English poets, has issued two books of plays in verse, *Daily Bread* and *Womenkind*, and a book of poems, *Fires*, all now published by the Macmillan Co.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Allegorical Visions, by Katherine Harrow. The New-Way Pub. Co., New York.

Poems, by A. Hugh Fisher. Elkin Mathews.

The Hildebrandslied, translated by Francis A. Wood. University of Chicago Press.

Will o' the Wisp and the Wandering Voice, by Thomas Bouch. Smith, Elder & Co., London.

Atta Troll, from the German of Heinrich Heine, by Herman Scheffauer. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

Five Plays, by Lord Dunsany: The Modern Drama Series. Mitchell Kennerley.

The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd, by D. H. Lawrence: The Modern Drama Series. Mitchell Kennerley.

The Social Significance of the Modern Drama, by Emma Goldman. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

Saint Louis, A Civic Masque, by Percy MacKaye. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The May King, by F. W. Moorman. Constable & Co., Ltd.

Sunshine and Roses, by Edwin P. Haworth. Rockhill Art Publishers, Kansas City.

A Vagabond's Philosophy, by A. Safroni-Middleton. Constable & Co.

The Musician, by Ray Beckett Weaver. Privately printed.

Impressions, California and the West, by James Rowbins. Privately printed.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

UNITED STATES.

New York: *The Century*; *The Forum*; *Scribner's Magazine*; *Current Opinion*; *The Literary Digest*; *The Nation*; *The International*; *The Survey*; *The Woman's Home Companion*; *The Edison Monthly*; *The Colonade*.

Chicago: *The Dial*, *System*, *The Drama*.

Philadelphia: *The Conservator*.

Boston: *The Print Collector's Quarterly*.

Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot*.

Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk*.

New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review*.

Tampa, Fla.: *The Poet and Philosopher*.

FOREIGN:

Paris: *La Vie des Lettres*—Nocolas Beauduin, Directeur; *La Renaissance Contemporaine Poème et Drame*; *Les Bandeaux d'Or*; *Mercure de France*; *L'Effort Libre*; *Les Poètes*; *L'Ile Sonnante*.

London: *Poetry and Drama*, Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review*, Stephen Philips, editor; *Rhythm*; *The British Review*; *The Égoist*.

Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad*.

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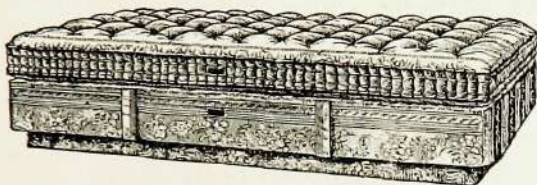
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JULY, 1914

Poems to be Chanted, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay
The Fireman's Ball—The Santa Fé Trail, A
Humoresque—The Black Hawk War of the
Artists.

Poems . . . Richard Butler Glaenzer
From a Club Window—Rodin—Star Magic

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JULY, 1914

POEMS TO BE CHANTED

THE FIREMEN'S BALL

I

In which the music of the Ball imitates the burning of a great building.

"Give the engines room—
Give the engines room!"
Louder, faster,
The little band-master
Whips up the fluting,
Hurries up the tooting.
He thinks that he stands,
The reins in his hands,
In the fire-chief's place
In the night-alarm chase.
The cymbals whang,

To be read or
sung in a heavy
buzzing bass, as
of fire-engines
pumping

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The kettle-drums bang;
"Clear the street,
Clear the street,
Clear the street—boom, boom!
In the evening gloom,
In the evening gloom,
Give the engines room,
Give the engines room,
Lest souls be trapped
In a terrible tomb."

The sparks and the pine-brands
Whirl on high
From the black and reeking alleys
To the wide red sky.
Hear the hot glass crashing,
Hear the stone steps hissing—
Coal-black streams
Down the gutters pour.
There are cries for help
From a far fifth floor;
For a longer ladder
Hear the fire-chief call.
Listen to the music
Of the firemen's ball—
Listen to the music
Of the firemen's ball.

Shriller and
higher

Poems to Be Chanted

" 'Tis the night of doom,"
Say the ding-dong doom-bells.
"Night of doom,"
Say the ding-dong doom-bells.
Faster, faster,
The red flames come.
"Hum grum," say the engines,
"Hum grum grum."

Heavy bass

"Buzz buzz,"
Says the crowd.
"See see,"
Calls the crowd.
"Look OUT!"
Yelps the crowd,
And the high walls fall.
Listen to the music
Of the firemen's ball;
Listen to the music
Of the firemen's ball.

Shriller and
higher

" 'Tis the night of doom,"
Say the ding-dong doom-bells;
"Night of doom,"
Say the ding-dong doom-bells.
Whangaranga, whangaranga,
Whang, whang, whang!
Clang, clang, clangaranga,

Heavy bass

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Bass—much
slower

Clang, clang, clang!
Clang.....a.....ranga,
Clang.....a.....ranga,
Clang.....clang.....clang!
Listen....to.....the.....music....
Of....the....firemen's.....ball.

II

*Many's the heart that's breaking,
If we could read them all,
After the ball is over..Old song.*

Slow and soft—
in the manner
of languorous,
insinuating
music

Scornfully, gaily,
The band-master sways,
Changing the strain
That the wild band plays.
With a red and royal
Intoxication,
A tangle of sounds
And a syncopation,
Sweeping and bending
From side to side,
Master of dreams,
With a peacock pride.
A lord of the delicate
Flowers of delight,
He drives compunction
Back through the night;

Poems to Be Chanted

Dreams he's a soldier
Plumed and spurred,
And valiant lads
Arise at his word,
Flaying the sober
Thoughts he hates,
Driving them back
From the dream-town gates.
How can the languorous
Dancers know
The red dreams come
When the good dreams go?
" 'Tis the night of love,"
Call the silver joy-bells,
"Night of love,"
Call the silver joy-bells.
Honey and wine—
Honey and wine:
Sing low now, violins,
Sing, sing low:
Blow gently, wood-wind,
Mellow and slow.
Like midnight poppies
The sweethearts bloom;
Their eyes flash power,
Their lips are dumb;
Faster and faster
Their pulses come,

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Though softer now
The drum-beats fall:
"Honey and wine,
Honey and wine."
'Tis the firemen's ball—
'Tis the firemen's ball.

To be
whispered

"I am slain,"
Cries True-Love,
There in the shadow.
"And I die,"
Cries True-Love,
There laid low.
"When the fire-dreams come
The wise dreams go."

Interrupting
with heavy bass

But his cry is drowned
By the proud band-master.
And now great gongs whang
Sharper, faster,
And kettle-drums rattle,
And hide the shame
With a swish and a swirl
In dead Love's name.
Red and crimson
And scarlet and rose,
Magical poppies
The sweethearts bloom.

Poems to Be Chanted

The scarlet stays
When the rose-flush goes,
And Love lies low
In a marble tomb.
" 'Tis the night of doom,"
Call the ding-dong doom-bells,
"Night of doom,"
Call the ding-dong doom-bells.
Hark how the piccolos still make cheer—
" 'Tis a moonlight night in the spring of the year."
Clangaranga, clangaranga,
Clang, clang, clang!
Clang.....a.....ranga....
Clang.....a.....ranga....
Clang, clang, clang!
Listen....to....the....music....
Of....the....firemen's ball....
Listen....to....the....music....
Of....the....firemen's.....ball.

In a high key

Heavy bass

III

From the first Khandaka of the Mahavagga:—"There Buddha thus addressed his disciples:—'Everything, O mendicants, is burning. . . . With what fire is it burning? I declare unto you it is burning with the fire of passion, with the fire of anger, with the fire of ignorance. It is burning with the anxieties of birth, decay and death, grief, lamentation, suffering and despair. . . . A disciple . . . becoming weary of all that . . . divests himself of passion. By absence of passion . . . he is made free.'"

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To be intoned

I once knew a teacher
Who turned from desire,
Who said to the young men,
"Wine is a fire;"
Who said to the merchants,
"Gold is a flame
That sears and tortures
If you play at the game."
I once knew a teacher
Who turned from desire,
Who said to the soldiers,
"Hate is a fire;"
Who said to the statesmen,
"Power is a flame
That flays and blisters
If you play at the game."
I once knew a teacher
Who turned from desire,
Who said to the lordly,
"Pride is a fire;"
Who thus warned the revellers:
"Life is a flame;
Be cold as the dew
Would you win at the game—
With hearts like the stars,
With hearts like the stars."

Poems to Be Chanted

Very loud

So beware,
So beware,
So beware of the fire!
Clear the streets—boom, boom!
Clear the streets—boom, boom!
Give the engines room,
Give the engines room,
Lest souls be trapped
In a terrible tomb.
Says the swift white horse
To the swift black horse,
“There goes the alarm,
There goes the alarm.”
They are hitched, they are off,
They are gone in a flash,
And they strain at the driver's iron arm.
Clangaranga, clangaranga,
Clang, clang, clang.....
Clang....a....ranga....clangaranga....
Clang.....clang.....clang....
Clang.....a.....ranga....
Clang.....a.....ranga....
Clang.....clang.....CLANG....!

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THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL—A HUMORESQUE

*I asked the old negro, "What is that bird who sings so well?"
He answered, "That is the Rachel-Jane." "Hasn't it another
name—lark, or thrush, or the like?" "No, jes' Rachel-Jane."*

I

In which a racing auto comes from the east.

To be sung
or read
delicately to an
improvised
tune

This is the order of the music of the morning:
First, from the far east comes but a crooning;
The crooning turns to a sunrise singing—
Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn;
Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn

To be sung or
read with great
speed

Hark to the pace-horn, chase-horn, race-horn!
And the holy veil of the dawn has gone,
Swiftly the brazen car comes on.
It burns in the East as the sunrise burns—
I see great flashes where the far trail turns:
Its eyes are lamps, like the eyes of dragons;
It drinks gasoline from big red flagons.
Butting through the delicate mists of the morning,
It comes like lightning, goes past roaring.
It will hail all the wind-mills, taunting, ringing;
Dodge the cyclones,
Count the milestones,

Poems to Be Chanted

On through the ranges the prairie-dog tills,
Scooting past the cattle on the thousand hills
Ho for the tear-horn, scare-horn, dare-horn,
Ho for the gay-horn, bark-horn, bay-horn!
Ho for Kansas, land that restores us
When houses choke us, and great books bore us!
Sunrise Kansas, harvester's Kansas—
A million men have found you before us!

Deliberately in
a rolling bass

II

In which many autos pass westward.

I want live things in their pride to remain.
I will not kill one grasshopper vain,
Though he eats a hole in my shirt like a door.
I let him out, give him one chance more.
Perhaps, while he gnaws my hat in his whim,
Grasshopper lyrics occur to him.

In a deliberate
narrative
manner

I am a tramp by the long trail's border,
Given to squalor, rags and disorder.
I nap and amble and yawn and look,
Write fool-thoughts in my grubby book;
Recite to the children, explore at my ease,
WORK when I work, beg when I please;
Give crank drawings, that make folks stare,
To the half-grown boys in the sunset-glare;
And get me a place to sleep in the hay
At the end of a live-and-let-live day.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

I find in the stubble of the new-cut weeds
A whisper and a feasting, all one needs:
The whisper of the strawberries, white and red,
Here where the new-cut weeds lie dead.
But I would not walk all alone till I die
Without SOME life-drunk horns going by.
Up round this apple-earth they come,
Blasting the whispers of the morning dumb:
Cars in a plain realistic row—
And fair dreams fade, when the raw horns blow.
On each snapping pennant
A big black name—
The careering city
Whence each car came.
They tour from Memphis, Atlanta, Savannah,
Tallahassee and Texarkana.
They tour from St. Louis, Columbus, Manistee;
They tour from Peoria, Davenport, Kankakee.
Cars from Concord, Niagara, Boston,
Cars from Topeka, Emporia and Austin;
Cars from Chicago, Hannibal, Cairo,
Cars from Alton, Oswego, Toledo;
Cars from Buffalo, Kokomo, Delphi.
Cars from Lodi, Carmi, Loami.
Ho for Kansas, land that restores us
When houses choke us, and great books bore us!
While I watch the highroad
And look at the sky,

Like a train
caller in a
railroad station

Poems to Be Chanted

While I watch the clouds in amazing grandeur
Roll their legions without rain
Over the blistering Kansas plain—
While I sit by the milestone
And watch the sky,
The United States
Goes by!

Listen to the iron horns, ripping, racking—
Listen to the quack horns, slack and clacking!
Way down the road, trilling like a toad,
Here comes the dice-horn, here comes the vice-horn,
Here comes the snarl-horn, brawl-horn, lewd-horn,
Followed by the prude-horn, bleak and squeaking.
(Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas!)
Here comes the hod-horn, plod-horn, sod-horn,
Nevermore-to-roam-horn, loam-horn, home-horn,
(Some of them from Kansas, some of them from Kansas!)

Harshly with a
snapping
explosiveness

*Far away the Rachel-Jane,
Not defeated by the horns,
Sings amid a hedge of thorns:
"Love and life,
Eternal youth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Dew and glory,
Love and truth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!"*

To be read or
sung well-nigh
in a whisper

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Louder and
faster

While smoke-black freights on the double-tracked railroad,
Driven as though by the foul-fiend's ox-goad,
Screaming to the west coast, screaming to the east,
Carry off a harvest, bring back a feast,
Harvesting machinery and harness for the beast.
The hand-cars whiz, and rattle on the rails;
The sunlight flashes on the tin dinner-pails.
And then, in an instant,
Ye modern men,
Behold the procession once again!

In a rolling
bass with
increasing
deliberation

With a
snapping
explosiveness

Listen to the iron horns, ripping, racking!
Listen to the wise-horn, desperate-to-advise horn—
Listen to the fast-horn, kill-horn, blast-horn

To be sung or
read well-nigh
in a whisper

*Far away the Rachel-Jane,
Not defeated by the horns,
Sings amid a hedge of thorns:
"Love and life,
Eternal youth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Dew and glory,
Love and truth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!"*

The mufflers open on a score of cars
With wonderful thunder,
CRACK, CRACK, CRACK,

Poems to Be Chanted

CRACK-CRACK, CRACK-CRACK,
CRACK-CRACK-CRACK,

Listen to the gold-horn

Old-horn

Cold-horn

And all of the tunes, till the night comes down
On hay-stack, and ant-hill, and wind-bitten town.

To be brawled
with a snapping
explosiveness
ending in a
languorous
chant

Then far in the west, as in the beginning,
Dim in the distance, sweet in retreating,
Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn,
Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn

To be sung to
the same
whispered tune
as the first five
lines

They are hunting the goals that they understand—
San Francisco, and the brown sea-sand.

My goal is the mystery the beggars win.

I am caught in the web the night-winds spin.

The edge of the wheat-ridge speaks to me;

I talk with the leaves of the mulberry tree.

And now I hear, as I sit all alone

In the dusk, by another big Santa-Fé stone,

The souls of the tall corn gathering round,

And the gay little souls of the grass in the ground.

Listen to the tale the cotton-wood tells;

Listen to the wind-mills singing o'er the wells.

Listen to the whistling flutes without price

Of myriad prophets out of Paradise

Beginning
sonorously—
ending in a
languorous
whisper

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The same
cadenced
whisper as the
Rachel-Jane
song

Hearken to the wonder that the night-air carries.
Listen to the whisper
Of the prairie fairies
Singing over the fairy plain:
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Love and glory, stars and rain,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!"

THE BLACK HAWK WAR OF THE ARTISTS

*Written for Lorado Taft's statue of Black Hawk at Oregon,
Illinois.*

Hawk of the Rocks,
Yours is our cause today.
Watching your foes
Here in our war array,
Young men we stand,
Wolves of the West at bay.

*Power, power for war
Comes from these trees divine;
Power from the boughs,
Boughs where the dew-beads shine,
Power from the cones—
Yea, from the breath of the pine!*

Poems to Be Chanted

Power to restore
All that the white hand mars.
See the dead east
Crushed with the iron cars—
Chimneys black
Blinding the sun and stars!

Hawk of the pines,
Hawk of the plain-winds fleet,
You shall be king
There in the iron street,
Factory and forge
Trodden beneath your feet.

There will proud trees
Grow as they grow by streams.
There will proud thoughts
Walk as in warrior dreams.
There will proud deeds
Bloom as when battle gleams!

Warriors of Art,
We will hold council there,
Hewing in stone
Things to the trapper fair,
Painting the gray
Veils that the spring moons wear.

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This our revenge,
This one tremendous change:
Making new towns,
Lit with a star-fire strange,
Wild as the dawn
Gilding the bison-range.

All the young men
Chanting your cause that day,
Red-men, new-made
Out of the Saxon clay,
Strong and redeemed,
Bold in your war-array.

*Power, power for war
Comes from these trees divine;
Power from the boughs
Boughs where the dew-beads shine;
Power from the cones,
Yea, from the breath of the pine!*

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

POEMS

FROM A CLUB WINDOW

Life, as I see young old men fight
With sails or rifles, scheme or faith,
And witness oldish young men pass
This section of your hour-glass—
I doubt if War may not be right,
Your substance; Peace, your dawdling wraith.

RODIN

Cold bronze he has made articulate,
More scorching in its eloquence than the flames
That melted it to his will of fire;
Cold marble he has made compassionate,
Wisdom unfathomable which understands
All pain, all dread, all hunger, all desire;
Cold clay he has made animate,
Life that exclaims:
"You are but babbling shells! I, life entire!"
All these things he has done, this god,
Not as a god by sure austere commands;
But by thinking, seeing, feeling, believing;
By invincible patience and tireless hands;
With a back of scorn for the self-deceiving;

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With faith's disdain for The Day's demands,—
A Titan self-made by his masterful mold,
Who has fused into copper the meaning of gold,
All the truth he could scan,
All his ardor innate;
Breathed his soul in each stone; poured his heart in each
clod,—
A man,
Who stands shoulder to shoulder with Fate.

Out of bronze and marble and clay, formless, cold,
One man has given death the lie!

STAR-MAGIC

Though your beauty be a flower
Of unimagined loveliness,
It cannot lure me tonight;
For I am all spirit.

As in the billowy oleander,
Full-bloomed,
Each blossom is all but lost
In the next—
One flame in a glow
Of green-veined rhodonite;

So is heaven a crystal magnificence
Of stars,
Powdered lightly with blue.

For this one night
My spirit has turned honey-moth,
And has made of the stars
Its flowers.

So all uncountable are the stars
That heaven shimmers as a web,
Bursting with light
From beyond,
A light exquisite,
Immeasurable!

For this one night
My spirit has dared, and been caught
In the web of the stars.

Though your beauty were a net
Of unimagined power,
It could not hold me tonight;
For I am all spirit.

Richard Butler Glaenzer.

SITTING BLIND BY THE SEA

Oh, sing me a song of the sea, my son—

Oh, sing me a song of the sea!

For my eyes they are blind and I peer in the dark,

But my man's heart leaps when the sea-dogs bark;

Can thy young eyes follow the yelping pack?

Wild, bounding streaks of yellow and black,

Do they track over meadows of seething foam?

And will they be fetching the white gulls home?

Perhaps they'll retrieve one to me—

To me, sitting blind by the sea.

To me in my door by the sea, sitting blind,

To me, sitting blind in my door,

Days be when a battle is raging afar,

And the tramp of the cavalry crossing the bar

Comes nearer and clearer with many a gun,

So plain to my ears while I sit in the sun

That I'm sure there'll be many a rainbow at play

In and out of the manes and the tails of the spray,

As the chargers plunge down in the roar

To me, sitting blind in my door.

To me, sitting blind in the night by the sea,

Sitting blind by the sea in the night,

Times be when she purrs, a gray cat, at my knee—

Oh, the glow on the hearth and the mother and thee!

'Twas a hitch in her rocker that memory kept,

Sitting Blind by the Sea

And I'd know when it eased that our wee laddie slept.
The sea has it all, to the creak in her chair,
And I, peering blind, see the glint in her hair;
And it floods my lone soul with delight,
Sitting dark in my door in the night.

To me, sitting dark by the sea in my door,
To me, by the sea sitting blind,
Rare times comes a silence as still as a cave,
And I know 'tis His night when He walks on the wave;
And, "strong in the faith," with my feet on the land,
My soul speeds beside Him. I'd strive for His hand
To lay on my eyes, but ah! ever before
I reach Him, He's gone—and I back in my door,
All alone, by a whiff of the wind,
In my door by the sea, sitting blind.

Still it's sing me a song of the sea, my son —
Oh, sing me a song of the sea!
And sorrow's slow leaven I'll nurse nevermore,
For the soul of the sea signals mine on the shore,
Deep calling to deep, high answering high,
Till my bosom seems gemmed with the stars of the sky;
And when the moon nestles, a pearl on my vest,
I feel *her* white soul come again to my breast;
And with this, lad—the mother—and thee,
Are we lonely or blind by the sea?

Ruth McEnery Stuart.

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ROUMANIAN POEMS

WE WANT LAND

Hungry and naked and without a home am I.
My shoulders, you have charged them with loads,
And you spit at me, and you have beaten me,
And I have been to you a dog.
Wandering landowner, brought by the wind,
If you have an understanding with Hell
That we shall be dogs to you, beat us more!
We will endure loads, so will we endure want,
Bridle of horses, yoke of cattle:
But we want land.

A piece of corn bread left from yesterday,
If you see it in our home, you take it away.
Away you take our boys to the war,
And our girls—you take them too.
You curse our dearest and our holiest things—
No pity have you, nor faith!
Hungry, our children are dying on the road;
And we submit out of pity for them—
Our lives would not be such dreadful things
If we had land.

The cemetery that was ours in the village,
You wanted it for wheat; We, behind the plough,

Ploughing—O God! it is too dreadful—
Out come bones—oh, what a sin!
They are the bones of our own flesh and blood—
But what is that to you?
You took us out naked from our homes,
In frost and wind you took us;
Even as you took our dead out of their graves.
Oh, for the dead and for their sake
We want land.

We would like to know, we long to know,
That our bones shall lie still in the grave,
That children of yours will not sin
With us when we shall be dead.
Orphans and all who are dear to us,
If they should wish to weep on our graves,
They would not know what earth we lie in,
Because even for a grave we have no land,
And we are all Christians,
And we want land.

You have put seed of wheat in the field,
But we have buried here our forefathers and fathers,
Mothers, sisters and brothers.
Away, you heretics!
Our land is dear and holy to us,
Because it is our cradle and our grave.

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With hot blood always we have defended it,
And all the waters that moistened it
Are but tears that we have shed.

We want land.

We have no time even for praying,
Because our time is in your hands.
We have still a soul in our breast—
It seems you have forgotten.
All of you have made an oath
That we shall have no rights, no words to say.
Weapons and tortures when we protest,
Loads and chains when we move,
And dull lead when exhausted we cry

That we want land.

We have no strength, and we can't go on
To live always a life of beggary
And of tortures put upon us
By the bosses brought by winds—
Oh beware, you God Almighty,
That we ask not for land, but for blood!
When the time shall come that we can endure no more,
When hunger shall rouse us all, beware of us!
Even were you all Christs, beware!

Even in your graves!

From the Roumanian of *George Cosbuc*.

PEASANT LOVE SONGS

I.

He

In the garden of my sweetheart
Sing two birds beautifully,
And the sun proudly shines,
And my darling sits and dreams.
Near the garden of my sweetheart
Runs a river clear and crystal
Where my darling sits and weeps.

She

When you are here, little man,
I dress all the time like a bride,
Wearing flowers and pearls
So you will like them.
Since you have gone away, little man,
The red belt and the tulip have vanished—
It is so sad.
Green leaf of the citron:
My little man has gone to the army;
He is gone and does not write to me,
Neither on the leaves, nor on the river,
Nor on the wings of the wind.

II.

Bad, O mother, is fever,
But far, far worse is love.

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For fever you can eat and drink,
But for love there is naught but pain.
From fever my mother can cure me,
But love is far from her care;
From fever the priest can pray me,
But not from the evil of love.
All of us learn this evil,
As did I a year from last spring.
The longing is slowly killing me—
Yes, love is an evil thing.

III.

If you did not love me, little man,
God shall curse you for it.
You should marry nine times,
And you should have nine boys.
You should have a girl too—
She shall bring you water in prison,
Because when you left me
You broke my heart and my love.

IV.

Little man, tell me, is it true?
Be honest and tell me, please—
Do you love me or not?

If you like me only a little,
Take any road that you wish,
But never the one that leads to my house.

V.

Goodbye, darling, good luck!
Remain beautiful as a violet
In a glass on the table.

VI.

Beautiful girl with blonde hair,
When I see you I begin to lean
Like the leaves in the acacia
When the wind is blowing through them.
Like the leaves of the oak tree I lean
When the breeze is blowing through them.

VII.

I had a beautiful neighbor,
And a path to her garden;
But she went and got married
And said not a word to me.
I would have taken her myself!
If she had married three villages away,
It wouldn't have hurt me so.

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But she married a man down our street,
The third door from my mother's home!
When I am in, I hear her voice;
When I go out, I see her face:
It makes my heart burn like fire.

THE CONSCRIPT

I.

Down there in the prairie
Met two brothers from the army.
Said one brother to the other:
"Take this saddle from my horse
And strike me on the head!
What shall we two do at home?
Mother, father, both are dead;
The cattle have grown old in the stable—
Where the house stood, all is grass."

II.

Mountain, mountain, hard rock,
Let the youths pass by!
Let them go to be shepherds,
So they may run away from the army.

Roumanian Poems

The army is a yoke of wood
Which the boys pull until they die.
The army is a yoke of brass
That they pull without ceasing.

III.

When a man goes to the army
The house becomes so poor
Children have not even a hearth.
If some day they grow up,
They will not know they had a father.

IV.

*Why are you leaning, pine of the woods,
Without swaying and so sad?*
Why shouldn't I bend so sadly
When near me stand three woodsmen with their axes?
They've come to chop me down,
And put me in three wagons
And take me to their town,
Just to make of me a prison.
Four stern walls they'll make of me
Where bravest men shall die.

Translated by *Maurice Aisen.*

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COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

A FRENCH POET ON TRADITION

Bouvard penchait vers le neptunisme; Pécuchet, au contraire, était plutonien.—Flaubert.

We must not boast too much of tradition. It is no great merit to place our feet exactly in the tracks which the road indicates; it is a natural tendency. Though it is not very wrong to give way to this tendency, it is better to attempt a new path. Necessarily it becomes confounded here and there with the old. We must resign ourselves, but without arrogance. The deed is less meritorious than unavoidable.

Tradition is a great power opposing the originality of writers. That is why the present so strangely resembles the immediate past, which again resembles the preceding past. This subjection, which is always very oppressive, even in epochs of apparent literary innovation, tends to become a real yoke when the fashion is obedience to tradition. Hence the literary eighteenth-century, hence the literature of the First Empire.

There is the continuous tradition and there is the renewed tradition. They must not be confounded. The seventeenth century believed that it was renewing the bond with antiquity. The romanticists believed that they had re-discovered the Middle Ages. These discontinued traditions are more fertile when the period which is renewed is distant and unknown.

A French Poet on Tradition

It seems then that today would be a propitious moment for renewing the seventeenth century. It is an illusion. The seventeenth century, with its appearance of distance, is infinitely near us. It has served as a part of our education. It is known even to those who have not frequented it. We still breathe its atmosphere. Everything derived from it would savor of imitation.

The seventeenth century is, relative to the renaissance, in the position that we are to romanticism: the seventeenth century does not continue the renaissance, for there are erasures, changes in taste; it does take up the renaissance again, but unconsciously and thanklessly. Does it not seem to us that romanticism understood nothing of its own work? We have attempted to refashion it with an unconsciousness comparable to that of the seventeenth century. The works of George Sand and of Alexandre Dumas seem absurd to us; we deny their genius, but we refashion them. We are as incapable of refashioning the novels of Balzac and of Stendhal as the seventeenth century was of refashioning Montaigne and Rabelais.

You take literary tradition as far back as the seventeenth century. Why? Is it from ignorance of the past? Do you not know that our great literary centuries were the twelfth and thirteenth, otherwise good judges would not prefer the *Vie de Saint Alexis* to a tragedy by Racine?

I like the seventeenth century so much that its most furious admirers will never succeed in disgusting me with it. But

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if I had to pick out a unique book I should take it from the nineteenth century.

Tradition—I find it everywhere. All the past can be a part of tradition. Why this and not that? Why the laborious mysticism of Bossuet and not the spontaneous irony of Voltaire?

Tradition is a long chain with alternate rings of gold and lead. You do not accept the whole of tradition? Then tradition is a choice and not a fact. Considered as a fact, tradition is merely a mass of contradictory tendencies.

As soon as we choose we commit an act of arbitrary criticism.

The true masters of tradition were those who, like Sainte-Beuve, despised nothing and wished to understand everything.

Do you believe that anyone who goes back no farther than Flaubert and Baudelaire can possess a good literary tradition? I know such men and women, and they astonish me with the delicacy of their taste.

Tradition is sometimes nothing more than a bibliography, sometimes a library. Brunetière was a bibliography; Sainte-Beuve a library.

"The best French writer of the seventeenth century is Hélienne de Crenne," I was informed by a woman who possessed a somewhat feminist erudition, and who, besides that, was a bibliophile.

People who say to me, "You are in the tradition of Montaigne," amuse me, for I am no great reader of the *Essays*,

a fact of which I am almost ashamed. The greater part of the discoveries of professors on the formation and tradition of minds is of this sort. The traditional man cannot see analogous tendencies in two minds without thinking that the later comer is an imitator of the earlier. School habits.

My tradition is not only French; it is European. I cannot deny Shakespeare, Dante and Byron, who taught me what poetry is; not Goethe, who enchanted my reason; nor Schopenhauer, who began my philosophical education; I cannot deny Nietzsche, who gave a principle for my repugnance to spiritualistic morality; I cannot deny Swift and Cervantes. And yet the two first books which opened the world to my soul were Stendhal's *Amour* and Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, found in a cupboard of the house!

A curate who taught me Latin during the war, when the schools were shut, revealed Molière to me. I have always been grateful to curates on that account. The remainder of the classics were matters for lessons and impositions. I read them much later in life. Such is my tradition.

What most strikes me in the young men of today is their docility. They learn what is taught them. In my time a professor had no authority. We recognized in him a mission for preparing us for a degree.

I have only enjoyed that which does not teach. This plunged me into the Latin of the Middle Ages.

I have never put foot in the Sorbonne except to look at pictures—Puvis de Chavannes and the frescoes of Mlle.

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Dufau. It is apparent how much I have been inspired by discussing the teaching at the Sorbonne.

When I see a hand painted on a wall indicating a direction I instinctively look the opposite way. In the street I always walk against the crowd; I go where nobody goes. The voice crying, "Follow the crowd," makes me afraid.

I have often fought against my natural tendencies, often praised a state which was quite inaccessible to me; and several of my books are merely protests against myself. For a long time I have had no aggressive opinions on anything, but, with the débris of my old convictions, deeper convictions have been formed in me with which I judge even those matters on which I am silent.

We are always tempted to imitate what we love, when we do not love enough. If we push love as far as admiration, we become discouraged from imitation.

The true "classics" of the seventeenth century, the models of all men of taste, are today forgotten. They were Patru, Balzac, d'Ablancourt. Boileau in his day was a breaker of dishes.

The punishment of the tribe of professors is that it is eternally destined to despise La Fontaine alive and to venerate him dead. The great classic poet was first of all a kind of Ponchon, who entered life with his hat over one ear and with a girl on each arm. He has the reputation of a Théophile, but La Bruyère, at that time, still hesitated between Théophile and Malherbe.

A French Poet on Tradition

The true tradition of the French mind is the liberty of the mind. To discuss all questions anew, to admit none save those which can be resolved *a priori*, only to admit the best reasons and to consider as the best those which contain a principle of independence. To remember that no tradition is worth the tradition of liberty. To be oneself, to disregard those who speak to one in the name of a dogma, but not to be one's own dupe, and not to wish to impose on others that liberty of which the constitution of their brains renders them incapable.

Preferences—a good word to use in a matter of literary, or even philosophical, taste. It contains no negation, no dogmatism.

Yet some negations are necessary; there must also be a little dogmatism. Affirm valiantly what you like. Then you also are a tradition.

And you are more complex than you imagine. However religious you are, be certain you are also slightly Voltairian. However positive you think yourself, you contain in yourself so much mysticism that you would be terrified if you could see everything clearly. Your admiration is for the great classics, but if you were quite sincere you would admit that nothing has so taken you as the beautiful works of romanticism.

At bottom everything in literature is useless except literary pleasure, but literary pleasure depends upon the quality of sensibility. All discussions die against the wall of personal sensibility, which is flesh on the inside and on the

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outside is a wall of stone. There is a way to turn it about, but this you do not know.

We have put art above everything, and it must remain there in spite of those who wish to replace it by opinions. I put *Candide* and *René* into my sack. Take away your Voltairian blague and Chateaubrian faith; they have nothing to do with me.

The French tradition is so vast, so contradictory, that it lends itself to all tastes. A famous poet once told me that his master was Dorat. Why not? I might have liked Dorat myself if I had known him.

How heavy is the burden of this literary tradition, which goes from Émile Deschamps to Verlaine, across Villon, Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, Malherbe, Corneille, Bossuet, Voltaire, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert and so many others. It is chaos, a bog in the forest. We can no longer see the sky. Cut them down! Cut them down!

They have taken beforehand all my works, all my phrases, all my ideas. Oh, these obligatory ancestors! They bind me. They suffocate me. Far from drawing tighter the bonds of tradition, we should release the brains which it binds. Bend your branches, great tree,

Flecte ramos, arbor alta.

What we need is less of models and more of the free light of life which you hide from us.

Remy de Gourmont—

Authorized translation by *Richard Aldington.*

Mr. Lindsay on "Primitive Singing"

MR. LINDSAY ON "PRIMITIVE SINGING"

Mr. Yeats asked me recently in Chicago: "What are we going to do to restore the primitive singing of poetry?" I find what Mr. Yeats means by the "primitive singing of poetry," in Prof. Edward Bliss Reed's new volume on the English lyric. He says in his chapter on the definition of the lyric: "With the Greeks 'Song' was an all-embracing term. It included the crooning of the nurse to the child, . . . the half-sung chant of the mower or sailor, . . . the formal ode sung by the poet. In all Greek lyrics, even in the choral odes, music was the handmaid of verse . . . the poet himself composed the accompaniment. Euripides was censured because Iophon . . . had assisted him in the setting of some of his dramas."

Here is pictured a type of Greek work which survives in American vaudeville, where every line may be two-thirds spoken and one-third sung, the entire rendering, musical and elocutionary, depending largely upon the improvising power and sure instinct of the performer.

I respectfully submit *The Firemen's Ball* as an experiment in which I endeavor to carry this vaudeville form back towards the old Greek precedent of the half-chanted lyric. In this case the one-third of music must be added by the instinct of the reader. He must be Iophon. And he can easily be Iophon if he brings to bear upon the piece what might be called the Higher Vaudeville imagination. The essential points are: close attention to the turning point in

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the middle of the piece, and delicate rendering of the first half of the second section, set in abrupt contrast to the second half, in which the death-whisper of True-Love—and, if you will, of all fine things—is drowned by the noise of the brass-band: "But his cry is drowned by the proud band-master."

The first half of the third section, including the quotation, could be intoned in a semi-priestly manner. Then comes the final clamor of the engines.

The Santa Fé Trail is another experiment in this manner.

Big general contrasts between the main sections should be the rule of the first attempts at improvising. It is the hope of the writer that, after two or three readings, each line will suggest its own separate touch of melody to the performer who has become accustomed to the cadences. Let him read what he likes read, and sing what he likes sung.

The actual Firemen's Ball occurred in Springfield, Illinois, November 13, 1913. The vast I. N. G. Arsenal was jammed with fire-laddies and their sweethearts of an hour.

N. V. L.

DOINA

It is difficult to explain what the word *Doina* suggests to a Roumanian peasant. It seems to mean the very spirit of the popular poetry which is sung by native bards to the accompaniment of a simple instrument.

Mr. Aisen, the translator of our group of poems, who is a Roumanian living in Chicago, says:

The *Doina* has been created by our bitterly persecuted peasants to keep themselves alive; without it they would have disappeared. Singing or chanting their sufferings, imagining absent happiness, has brought them consolation, given them their only joy. One poet sings to the *Doina*: "Stay with us, for you are our Queen; if you go away, we shall have nothing to live for."

Living through their poetry, the peasants had to create more and more. The *Doina* is an immense body of wonderful poetry. George Cosbuc, the leader of these peasant poets and a man of genius, expresses the very quintessence of the *Doina*. His lyric, *We Want Land*, is the cry of the peasant that has gone on for centuries, and still goes on.

Indeed, it is the cry of the Mexican peon today.

REVIEWS.

Love and Liberation, by John Hall Wheelock. Sherman, French & Co.

Mr. Wheelock's verse has a true lyric quality; it is simple, sincere, spontaneous, musical. For the best things in this latest volume we can only be grateful. And perhaps we should not complain if, like Wordsworth and many another immortal, he leaves the task of weeding-out to his readers.

But these are crowded days—the poet should do his own weeding-out, especially in a large garden of love-songs. For one is cloyed by excess, one wearies of repetition, in these two hundred and thirty-seven lyrics of love; the good things are smothered by the over-facile, the sentimental—one has to search too long for them.

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And then, while these poems seem sincere they come too easily. In these days it were idle to criticize any frank revelation of the reserves of passion; but one has a right to demand that such a revelation shall be, as it were, dragged out of the depths of human agony and rapture, that it shall seem reluctant in proportion to its intimacy. In these lyrics is no reluctance; there is ecstasy—even to the very word—on every page, scattered so lavishly that sometimes it spills over and becomes ridiculous. Indeed, if Mr. Wheelock had a sense of humor he would be saved such lines as

Where four lips are joined together . . .
Oh abandon yourself to an ecstasy sheer ! . . .

But in spite of these lapses, and of the over-profusion of sweets in this volume, one finds, now and then, a lyric as lovely as this:

Tell me why I love you;
Name yourself, my Heart,
Every inward bounty,
Every outward art;
The hands, the lips, the eyes,
The beauty in your breast,
Your very inmost spirit
Separate from the rest.
When your lips have ceased,
When your words have done,
I will answer you,
"Not for these alone."

Also there are a few fine poems on other themes, as *The Return to New York*, and the song first printed in *POETRY*, *I Shed my Song on the Feet of All Men*. In all these best things one feels warmth of sincerity, real tenderness, and clear lyric simplicity. H. M.

Little Verse for a Little Clan, by F. D. W. Privately printed.

Now and then, in some stray book of poems, the personal note is struck with singular poignancy. The book is a confessional, where the hidden penitent feels deep relief in pouring out his story to the mysterious listener behind the veil. This tiny half-anonymous volume is of that kind, and its "simple and humble" lyric cry comes from a "weary and bewildered heart chained to the treadmill, which yet hears, now and then, through the grinding whirl of the machinery, strains of a far-away music."

It is flute-like music, never loud or rich, but often delicate and clear; manifestly the utterance of a fine spirit. The first stanza of *O Dulcis Pimplea* strikes the key-note:

Never was I a hoarder;
All that I had I spent.
Upon the twilight border
Of dreams I pitched my tent.
The wind to me is brother,
The stars are kind as bread;
The old brown earth, my mother,
Is pillow for my head.

Adversity, Keats, Titian's Mary, Because, Flawed, and Metamorphosis, might be quoted as fitly as this one, called *Sacrifice*:

As love's last treasure to the fire you bore,
What was it lured your hand?
You did not speak, nor I, but all the more
I could not understand.
Winged words once passed our lips, I know;
But there all words seemed vain,

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The while, before that flame, we trembled so,
Like reeds beneath blown rain.

At last it fluttered, wavered, paused—and fell.
What was it loosed your hand?
Propitiation to what heaven or hell?
Do you yet understand?

H. M.

Unconditioned Songs, Anonymous. Sydney J. Endacott, Melbourne.

From Australia comes a pleasant little volume, anonymous, called *Unconditioned Songs*. Perhaps its charm, or a good part of it, lies in the fact that it makes so little pretense at being great poetry. These are simple but genuine little songs, the occasional flutings, one would say, of a young and very active man who turns to poetry when there is no hard work to be done at the moment. And because he takes it so naturally he has given us what so often eludes the frantic striving of our muse-kissed youth, a true and faithful portrait of his own emotions.

The songs are sometimes derivative as to form and not always clearly crystallized as to content, but they have a distinctly personal tang, and a pleasant one. They have no titles, but of the lyrics the two beginning, "I want to go away—away" and "If I reach the ocean ever," are perhaps the most distinguished, and of the others, "They made me foreman of the job" and "Who smashed the sliprails down?"

E. T.

Men of No Land, by Mildred McNeal Sweeny. T. Fisher Unwin, London.

Men of No Land is a book of creditable, craftsmanlike verse of a rather unusually even quality. This is perhaps unfortunate, since though there is nothing very bad in it, there is by the same token nothing very good. They are conscientious transcriptions of emotional facts, but they are quite lacking in the vitality this method often brings forth. Any one of these verses taken singly would probably have more effect than a whole book. E. T.

The Foothills of Parnassus, by John Kendrick Bangs. Macmillan.

This is a book of the fifth age of man, "full of wise saws and modern instances," full too of Mr. Bangs' characteristic humor. It is homely wisdom, treading sometimes on the heels of art. E. T.

NOTES.

Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, of Springfield, Illinois, is familiar to readers of POETRY through *General Booth* and the *Moon Poems*. His next book, *The Congo, and Other Poems*, to be published in October by Macmillan, will contain the three here printed.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, of New Orleans, is well known as a writer of southern stories. She has published little verse as yet.

Mr. Richard Butler Glaenzer, born in Paris in 1876 of Franco-German and American parents, is a resident of New York and St. George's, Bermuda. He has published many poems in magazines.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Poems of Human Progress, by James Harcourt West. The Tufts College Press, Boston.

Nova Hibernia, by Michael Monahan. Mitchell Kennerley.

William Vaughn Moody, by Edwin Herbert Lewis. Chicago Literary Club.

Poems and Legends, by Charles Stratford Catty. Smith, Elder & Co., London.

Songs of the Dead End, by Patrick MacGill. Mitchell Kennerley.

Eris, A Dramatic Allegory, by Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. Moffat, Yard & Company.

Tender Buttons, by Gertrude Stein. Claire Marie, New York.

Candle Flame—A Play, by Katharine Howard. Sherman, French & Co.

Quillings in Verse, by John Edward Everett. Privately printed.

From Far Lands, Poems of North and South, by "Gervais Gage" (J. Laurence Rentoul). Macmillan & Co.

Collected Poems, by Norman Gale. Macmillan & Co.

The Sister of the Wind, by Grace Fallow Norton. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Syrinx—Pastels of Hellas, by Mitchell S. Buck. Claire Marie, New York.

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—Salvationists I-III—Amities I-IV—Ladies—
The Seeing Eye—Abu Salamamm.

The Coal Picker Amy Lowell

The Bubbling Fountain . . . Helen Hoyt

The Dance Before the Arch Allan Updegraff

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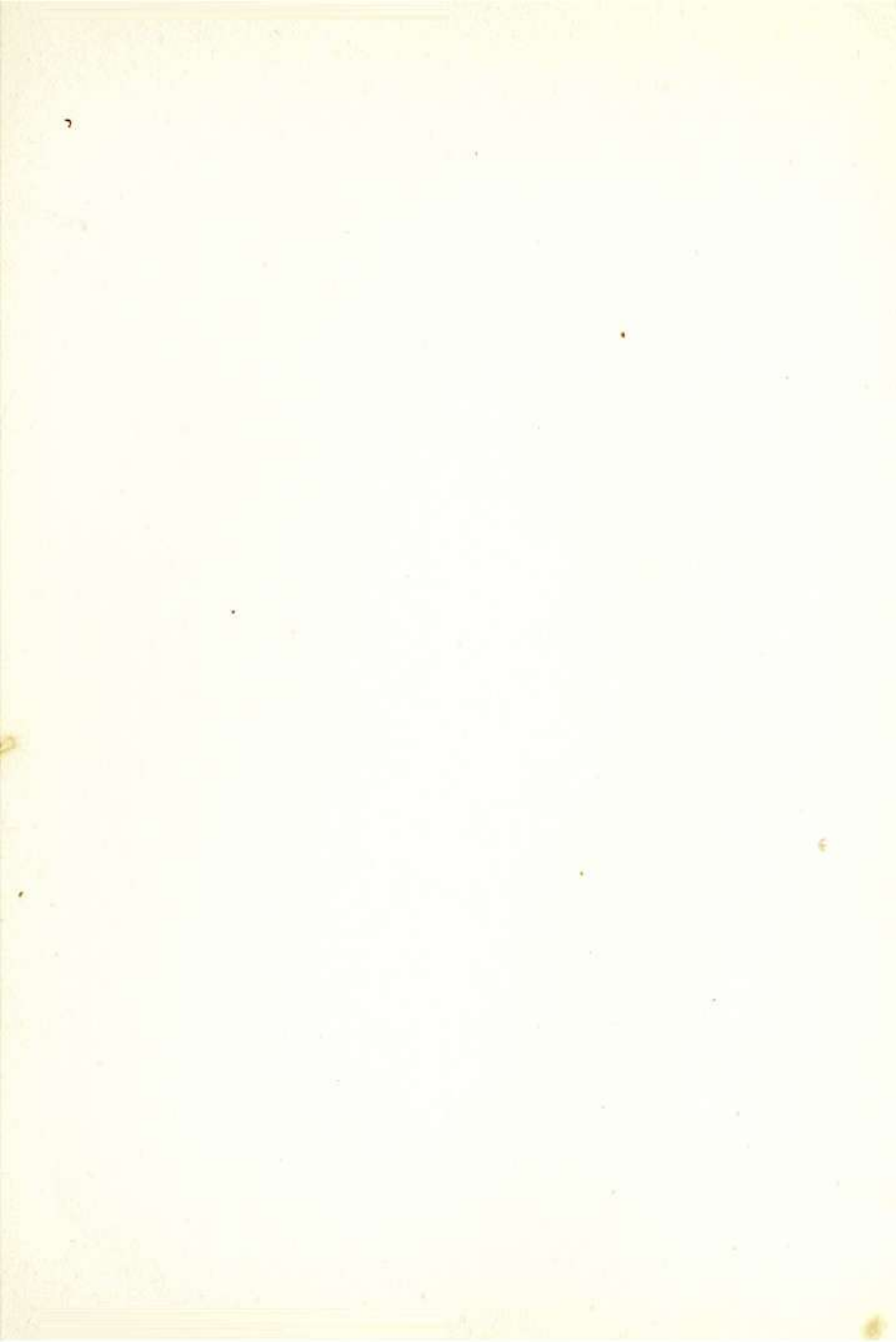
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AUGUST, 1914

POEMS

TO KAAÏON



VEN in my dreams you have denied yourself
to me,
You have sent me only your handmaids.

THE STUDY IN AESTHETICS

The very small children in patched clothing,
Being smitten with an unusual wisdom,
Stopped in their play as she passed them
And cried up from their cobbles:

Guarda! Ahi, Guarda! ch'e b'ea!

But three years after this
I heard the young Dante, whose last name I do not know—
For there are, in Sirmione, twenty-eight young Dantes and
thirty-four Catulli;

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And there had been a great catch of sardines,
And his elders
Were packing them in the great wooden boxes
For the market in Brescia, and he
Leapt about, snatching at the bright fish
And getting in both of their ways;
And in vain they commanded him to *sta fermo!*
And when they would not let him arrange
The fish in the boxes
He stroked those which were already arranged,
Murmuring for his own satisfaction
This identical phrase:
Ch'e b'ea.

And at this I was mildly abashed.

THE BELLAIRES

*Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder.*

The good Bellaires
Do not understand the conduct of this world's affairs.
In fact they understood them so badly
That they have had to cross the channel.

Nine lawyers, four counsels, five judges and three proctors
of the King,

The Bellaïres

Together with the respective wives, husbands, sisters and
heterogeneous connections of the good Bellaïres,
Met to discuss their affairs;
But the good Bellaïres have so little understood their affairs
That now there is no one at all
Who can understand any affair of theirs. Yet
Fourteen hunters still eat in the stables of
The good Squire Bellaïre;
But these may not suffer attainder,
For they may not belong to the good Squire Bellaïre
But to his wife.
On the contrary, if they do not belong to his wife,
He will plead
A "freedom from attainder"
For twelve horses and also for twelve boarhounds
From Charles the Fourth;
And a further freedom for the remainder
Of horses, from Henry the Fourth.
But the judges,
Being free of mediaeval scholarship,
Will pay no attention to this,
And there will be only the more confusion,
Replevin, estoppel, espavin and what not.

Nine lawyers, four counsels, etc.,
Met to discuss their affairs,
But the sole result was bills
From lawyers to whom no one was indebted,

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And even the lawyers
Were uncertain who was supposed to be indebted to them.

Wherefore the good Squire Bellaire
Resides now at Agde and Biaucaire.
To Carcassonne, Pui, and Alais
He fareth from day to day,
Or takes the sea air
Between Marseilles
And Beziers.

And for all this I have considerable regret,
For the good Bellaires
Are very charming people.

SALVATIONISTS

I

Come, my songs, let us speak of perfection—
We shall get ourselves rather disliked.

II

Ah yes, my songs, let us resurrect
The very excellent term *Rusticus*.
Let us apply it in all its opprobrium
To those to whom it applies.

And you may decline to make them immortal,
For we shall consider them and their state
In delicate
Opulent silence.

III

Come, my songs,
Let us take arms against this sea of stupidities—
Beginning with Mumpodorus;
And against this sea of vulgarities—
Beginning with Nimmim;
And against this sea of imbeciles—
All the Bulmenian literati.

AMITIÉS'

Old friends the most.
W. B. Y.

I

To one, on returning certain years after.

You wore the same quite correct clothing,
You took no pleasure at all in my triumphs,
You had the same old air of condescension
Mingled with a curious fear
That I, myself, might have enjoyed them.

Te voila, mon Bourrienne, you also shall be immortal.

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II

To another.

And we say good-bye to you also,
For you seem never to have discovered
That your relationship is wholly parasitic;
Yet to our feasts you bring neither
Wit, nor good spirits, nor the pleasing attitudes
Of discipleship.

III

But you, *bos amic*, we keep on,
For to you we owe a real debt:
In spite of your obvious flaws,
You once discovered a moderate chop-house.

IV

*Iste fuit vir incultus,
Deo laus, quod est sepultus,
Vermes habent eius vultum—
A-a-a—A-men.
Ego autem jovialis
Gaudebo in contubernalis
Cum jocunda femina.*

LADIES

Agathas

Four and forty lovers had Agathas in the old days,
All of whom she refused;

Ladies

And now she turns to me seeking love,
And her hair also is turning.

Young Lady

I have fed your lar with poppies,
I have adored you for three full years;
And now you grumble because your dress does not fit
And because I happen to say so.

Lesbia Illa

Memnon, Memnon, that lady
Who used to walk about amongst us
With such gracious uncertainty,
Is now wedded
To a British householder.
Lugete, Veneres! Lugete, Cupidinesque!

Passing

Flawless as Aphrodite,
Thoroughly beautiful,
Brainless,
The faint odor of your patchouli,
Faint, almost, as the lines of cruelty about your chin,
Assails me, and concerns me almost as little.

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THE SEEING EYE

The small dogs look at the big dogs;
They observe unwieldly dimensions
And curious imperfections of odor.

Here is a formal male group:
The young men look upon their seniors,
They consider the elderly mind
And observe its inexplicable correlations.

Said Tsin-Tsu:
It is only in small dogs and the young
That we find minute observation.

ABU SALAMMAMM—A SONG OF EMPIRE

*Being the sort of poem I would write if King George V should
have me chained to the fountain before Buckingham Palace,
and should give me all the food and women I wanted.
To my brother in chains Bonga-Bonga.*

Great is King George the Fifth,
for he has chained me to this fountain;
He feeds me with beef-bones and wine.
Great is King George the Fifth—
His palace is white like marble,
His palace has ninety-eight windows,
His palace is like a cube cut in thirds,

Abu Salammamm—A Song of Empire

It is he who has slain the Dragon
and released the maiden Andromeda.
Great is King George the Fifth;
For his army is legion,
His army is a thousand and forty-eight soldiers
with red cloths about their buttocks,
And they have red faces like bricks.
Great is the King of England and greatly to be feared,
For he has chained me to this fountain;
He provides me with women and drinks.
Great is King George the Fifth
and very resplendent is this fountain.
It is adorned with young gods riding upon dolphins
And its waters are white like silk.
Great and Lofty is this fountain;
And seated upon it is the late Queen, Victoria,
The Mother of the great king, in a hoop-skirt,
Like a woman heavy with child.

Oh may the king live forever!
Oh may the king live for a thousand years!
For the young prince is foolish and headstrong;
He plagues me with jibes and sticks,
And when he comes into power
He will undoubtedly chain someone else to this fountain,
And my glory will
Be at an end.

Ezra Pound.

THE COAL PICKER

He perches in the slime, inert,
Bedaubed with iridescent dirt.
The oil upon the puddles dries
To colors like a peacock's eyes,
And half-submerged tomato-cans
Shine scaly, as leviathans
Oosily crawling through the mud.
The ground is here and there bestud
With lumps of only part-burned coal.
His duty is to glean the whole,
To pick them from the filth, each one,
To hoard them for the hidden sun
Which glows within each fiery core
And waits to be made free once more.
Their sharp and glistening edges cut
His stiffened fingers. Through the smut
Gleam red the wounds which will not shut.
Wet through and shivering, he kneels
And digs the slippery coals—like eels
They slide about. His force all spent
He counts his small accomplishment.
A half-a-dozen clinker-coals
Which still have fire in their souls.
Fire! And in his thought there burns
The topaz fire of votive urns.

The Coal Picker

He sees it fling from hill to hill,
And still consumed, is burning still.
Higher and higher leaps the flame,
The smoke an evershifting frame.
He sees a Spanish Castle old,
With silver steps and paths of gold.
From myrtle-bowers comes the plash
Of fountains, and the emerald flash
Of parrots in the orange trees,
Whose blossoms pasture humming bees.
He knows he feeds the urns whose smoke
Bears visions, that his master stroke
Is out of dirt and misery
To light the fire of poesy.
He sees the glory, yet he knows
That others cannot see his shows.
To them his smoke is sightless, black,
His votive vessels but a pack
Of old discarded shards, his fire
A peddler's; still to him the pyre
Is incensed, an enduring goal!
He sighs and grubs another coal.

Amy Lowell.

THE BUBBLING FOUNTAIN

This is a magic cup
That needs no lifting up,
And gushes the cool drink
From an ever flowing brink,
From an ever filling hollow.
As you swallow,
You can feel the water go
Against your lips with tumbling flow
And all its noises hear:
As if you were a deer
Or a wild goat,
Sucking the water into your throat
Where a little brook goes by
Under the trees and the summer sky.
Oh it is fun to drink this way!—
Like a pleasant game to play,
Not like drinking in other places;
And it is fun to watch the faces
That come and bend them at this urn.
Something you can learn
Of each person's secret mind:
Know which is selfish, which is kind:
Those who guard their dignity.
And those whose curiosity
Is turning cold.
Many of the young are old,

The Bubbling Fountain

And think
A drink is nothing but a drink,
Water is water—always the same;
They could not turn it into a game.
Charily, with solemn mien,
They lean—
These incurious of heart—
And hurrying depart.
But the children know it's a gay rare thing
To drink outdoors from a running spring;
And laugh
And quaff,
As if their inquisitive zest
Would challenge to a test
The bounty of this store
Which gives, and still has more.
They drink up all they can:
Wait in turn to drink again.
As I watch the reaching lips
It seems to be my mouth that sips:
I stoop and rise with each one.
But when they are done,
And their faces touched with spray,
They quickly wipe it away.
And this, sometimes, I regret,—
Because their lips look prettier, wet.

Helen Hoyt.

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THE DANCE BEFORE THE ARCH

Windy April night-mist swept the Square;
Lights among the leafage swayed and flashed;
Piquant bosky odors filled the air,
Piquant as a Maenad's flying hair
Late the dripping dogwood buds had lashed.
Then three fared forth together:
A wise old teacher of men,
A poet who laughed with the weather,
And a silent knight of the pen.
They walked in the rain-witched park
While the hours grew small and dark,
And their talk was light as a feather
That Bacchus blows at a mark.

All around, the city-sounds were whist;
All about, where branches laughed and leapt,
Glints of eyes looked out into the mist,
Little, golden, dancing, rainbow-kissed:
Little shapes and shadows flashed and crept.
Then the sage: "O wonderful weather!
Strange, eerie!" Then he of the pen:
"The pixies are out all together:
Valpurgis Nacht—Bacchus—Amen!"
He waved his arms and inclined
His face to the night, joy-blind.

The Dance Before the Arch

Then the poet: "Oh, pluck me a feather
From the stretched gray wing of the wind!"

Over asphalt polished by the rain,
Out of mist-swirls iris-splotched with light,
Loomed a sudden beauty, marble, plain,
Arched and sombre, fronting with disdain
All the springtime turmoil of that night.

Then the sage: "The old Arch, in this weather,
Needs garlands." Then he of the pen:
"The lost Roman thing! All together!
Get branches—we're Romans again!"
So they took each boughs in their hands,
Obeying the ancient commands,
When laurel put forth a green feather
And Proserpine gathered her bands.

They marched in a grave, wild measure,
They waved their boughs;
They were austere-faced for pleasure
In the Spring's house.
The sharp wind gave them glee,
The wind with a tang of the sea;
They drank it deep and at leisure
As a nobly offered rouse.
There were faint lights under their feet,
Each light with a halo of pearl;
There were lights in the night around,

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Each blown-mist-tressed like a girl.
Faster their feet beat,
With a quick, glad sound.
"Io, Bacchus! Honey-sweet!"
"Io, Proserpine!
O golden! O divine!
Loosed again from the ground!"

They lifted arms, they danced
With quick breath;
Below, around, lights glanced
As life from death.
"Io, Proserpine is dead:
But the Spring lives!
Io, Bacchus,—where's he fled?
But the vine thrives!"
"Good hap to Aphrodite
And her doves' red feet:
Redder than new wine
Are the lips of my sweet!"
"Io, Spring!
Young, new!
Fairer for the vast
Passionate old past:
Io, Io, Spring
I sing, I sing!
I am drunk with wine, with wine and the Spring!"

The Dance Before the Arch

They danced, they swayed,
The air sang
Under their boughs;
They laughed, they played
With the mist that stang
Their mid-carouse.
"Io, Spring's blood's on my face
And in my hair!"
"Io, Spring, magical maid,
For me forswear!"
"The vine buds red,
The willow gold,
The lady birch is white
And slim in the night:
Oh, make my bed
With white and gold and red,
Or ever the year grows old
And cold!
Io, Io!
And the tale of the frost is told!"

All around, the city-sounds were whist.
Over asphalt polished by the rain
Loomed the sombre Arch amid the mist;
At its feet some boughs the Spring had kissed
Whispered to the driving wind's refrain.
Then three fared forth together:
A wise old teacher of men,

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A poet who sang with the weather,
And a silent knight of the pen.
They went arm-linked from the park
That none be lost in the dark;
And their hearts were light as a feather
That Bacchus blows at a mark.

Allan Updegraff.

SONG

A few more windy days
Must come and go their ways,
And we will walk
My love and I
Beneath the amber-dripping boughs.

Then on the stars we'll tread,
On purple stars and red,
And wonder why
The while we talk
Men sing so much of broken vows.

Helen Dudley.

SKETCHES

THE INTERNE

Oh the agony of having too much power!
In my passive palm are hundreds of lives.
Strange alchemy!—they drain my blood:
My heart becomes iron; my brain copper; my eyes silver;
 my lips brass.
Merely by twitching a supple finger, I twirl lives from me—
 strong-winged,
Or fluttering and broken.
They are my children, I am their mother and father.
I watch them live and die.

THE OLD JEW

Not fawn-tinged hospital pajamas could cheat him of his
 austerity,
Which tamed even the doctors with its pure fire.
They examined him; made him bow to them:
Massive altars were they, at whose swollen feet grovelled a
 worshiper.
Then they laughed, half in scorn of him; and there came a
 miracle.
The little man was above them at a bound.
His austerity, like an irresistible sledge-hammer, drove them
 lower and lower:
They dwindled while he soared.

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THE MINER

Those on the top say they know you, Earth—they are liars.
You are my father, and the silence I work in is my mother.
Only the son knows his father.

We are alike—sweaty, inarticulate of soul, bending under
thick knowledge.

I drink and shout with my brothers when above you—
Like most children we soon forget the parents of our souls.
But you avidly grip us again—we pay for the little noise of
life we steal.

TO AN ENEMY

I despise my friends more than you.
I would have known myself, but they stood before the mirrors
And painted on them images of the virtues I craved.
You came with sharpest chisel, scraping away the false paint.
Then I knew and detested myself, but not you:
For glimpses of you in the glasses you uncovered
Showed me the virtues whose images you destroyed.

TO A DISCARDED STEEL RAIL

Straight strength pitched into the surliness of the ditch,
A soul you have—strength has always delicate secret reasons.
Your soul is a dull question.
I do not care for your strength, but for your stiff smile at
Time—
A smile which men call rust.

Maxwell Bodenheim.

POEMS

THE WASTE PLACES

I

As a naked man I go
Through the desert sore afraid,
Holding up my head although
I'm as frightened as a maid.

The couching lion there I saw
From barren rocks lift up his eye;
He parts the cactus with his paw,
And stares at me as I go by.

He would follow on my trace
If he knew I was afraid,
If he knew my hardy face
Hides the terrors of a maid.

In the night he rises and
He stretches forth, he snuffs the air;
He roars and leaps along the sand,
He creeps and watches everywhere.

His burning eyes, his eyes of bale,
Through the darkness I can see;

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He lashes fiercely with his tail,
He would love to spring at me.

I am the lion in his lair;
I am the fear that frightens me;
I am the desert of despair
And the nights of agony.

Night or day, whate'er befall,
I must walk that desert land,
Until I can dare to call
The lion out to lick my hand.

II

As a naked man I tread
The gloomy forests, ring on ring,
Where the sun that's overhead
Cannot see what's happening.

There I go: the deepest shade,
The deepest silence pressing me;
And my heart is more afraid
Than a maiden's heart would be.

The Waste Places

Every day I have to run
 Underneath the demon tree,
Where the ancient wrong is done
 While I shrink in agony.

I saw the demon hold a maid
 In his arms, and as she, daft,
Whimpered in fear he bent and laid
 His lips on hers and laughed.

And she beckoned me to run,
 And she called for help to me,
And the ancient wrong was done
 Which is done eternally.

I am the maiden and the fear;
 I am the sunless shade, the strife;
I am the demon lips, the sneer
 Showing under every life.

I must tread that gloomy way
 Until I shall dare to run
And bear the demon with his prey
 From the forest to the sun.

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HAWKS

And as we walked the grass was faintly stirred;
We did not speak—there was no need to speak.
Above our heads there flew a little bird,
A silent one who feared that we might seek
Her hard-hid nest.

Poor little frightened one!
If we had found your nest that sunny day
We would have passed it by; we would have gone
And never looked or frightened you away.

O little bird! there's many have a nest,
A hard-found, open place, with many a foe;
And hunger and despair and little rest,
And more to fear than you can know.

Shield the nests where'er they be,
On the ground or on the tree;
Guard the poor from treachery.

THE LIAR

Did you think, old Grizzly-Face! to frighten me?—

To frighten me who fronted you before

Times out of mind,

When, through that sudden door,

You took and bound and cast me to the sea

Far from my kind,

Far from all friendly hands? Now I

Tremble no longer at your whisper, at your lie.

I go with you, but only till the end

Of one small hour, and when the hour is done

I shall again

Arise and leap and run

From the wind-swept, icy caves: I shall ascend,

I shall attain

To the pearly sky and the open door and the infinite sun.

And find again my comrades with me, every one.

So, once more, here are my hands to wind

Your cords about; here are my feet to tie

Straitly and fast;

And here, on either eye,

Press your strong fingers until I am blind:

Now, at the last,

Heave me upon your shoulder, whispering sly,

As you so oft before have whispered, your dark lie.

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A day dawns surely when you will not dare
 To come to me—then you will hide away
 In your dark lands;
 Then you will pray,
You will snarl and tremble when I seek you there
 To bind your hands,
To whisper truth where you have whispered lies,
To press my mighty fingers down upon your eyes.

DARK WINGS

Sing while you may, O bird upon the tree!
 Although on high, wide-winged above the day,
Chill evening broadens to immensity,
 Sing while you may.

On thee, wide-hovering too, intent to slay,
 The hawk's slant pinion buoys him terribly—
Thus near the end is of thy happy lay.

The day and thee and miserable me
 Dark wings shall cover up and hide away
Where no song stirs of bird or memory:
 Sing while you may.

James Stephens.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

"THE POET'S BREAD AND BUTTER"

It is instructive, in art as in politics, to watch the workings of the public mind. I think it was John Quincy Adams who, nearly a century ago, considered proficiency in the arts unworthy of free and enlightened citizens. Probably the numerical majority of his race, on both sides of the ocean, are still of his opinion, but they no longer utter it with his confidence. Their security has been imperiled, not so much by the effrontery of artists in producing masterpieces, as by the endless talk, the noisy wig-wagging of solemn tongues and pens, which these masterpieces, and their train of lesser works, have excited.

To such a degree has the good citizen's contempt of art been shaken, that he has begun to encourage certain of its manifestations. The arts of painting, sculpture, music and architecture are now heavily endowed in many of our cities. So many prizes, traveling scholarships, rich purchases and other rewards now await the aspiring painter or sculptor that it is scarcely possible for him to maintain any longer that modesty of fortune and demeanor which once seemed necessary to his development. Indeed, the public seems at last quite willing to admit that starvation and other forms of avoidable suffering do not assist a man of genius to paint or carve.

Not yet, however, does the public admit this of the poet. Large prizes and high prices may not injure the painter, million-dollar orders may develop the architect, but any

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such substantial evidence of favor would undermine the precarious vitality of the poet. He is lucky if he gets a mere pittance from editors, insufficient to support him on bread and water in a hermit's cave. He competes for no scholarships, and for no prizes but POETRY's. For him no American Academy at Rome opens its richly gilded doors—though why a poet should not learn more in loafing around Rome than any other artist is a mystery deeper than Lord Dunsyre's.

The poet alone is continually reminded that lack of food and sympathy are good for him. Listen to the New York *Nation's* luminous exposition of the world's duty toward its poets:

Even if he (the poet) shared the limited assistance which endowments give to scientists and scholars, it would sap society's sense of duty toward the arts . . . And he may find various sweet uses in his adversity—a close acquaintance with life, a call to perseverance, and the protection of his art from the soiling hand of money-grubbing.

The *Nation* need not complain that society has not done its full duty by the poet; teaching him "the sweet uses of adversity" not only by protecting him from the soiling hand of money-grubbing, but by turning upon him the deaf ear and lifting against him the stone wall. Is there any third-rate painter in America or Europe who has never received two hundred and fifty dollars for a picture? Yet when *Poetry* offered this amount as a small prize to the most distinguished of living English poets, the world was agape with amazement that a poem could earn so much money. Mr.

“*The Poet's Bread and Butter*”

Sargent is no more famous as a painter than Mr. Yeats is as a poet; yet the labor of a week or two would be repaid, in the one case, by from five to ten thousand dollars, in the other, by little or nothing.

But let us continue with the illuminating *Nation*:

We are not, however, without consolation in watching the discomfort of men like Moody and Thompson, counterparts of many other poets. The necessities of occupation in an unkind environment seldom rob us of anything of the highest value. The commanding figure, under modern conditions that make a Chatterton's fate almost impossible, will be discovered ere the shades of the counting-house close around him. Or if, like Browning, he remains undiscovered, some appreciation lets his generous spirit still work along the plan that pleased his boyish thought.

The beauty of this reasoning is beyond the reach of criticism. Put Shakespeare under “the necessity of occupation in an unkind environment;” in other words, set him to pegging Elizabethan shoes for a living: *Hamlet* is never written, and the *Nation* is not robbed of anything of the highest value, because even so divinatory an editor can not conceive of *Hamlet's* being possible until it HAS BEEN WRITTEN. In the same way he finds a Chatterton's fate impossible under modern conditions—alas, the modern Chatterton is not only possible but numerous, but when his genius is snuffed out by death, poverty, public apathy, or the compulsion to waste his time and brains earning a living, he is lucky if he gets a brief paragraph in a newspaper instead of immortal fame.

How can the *Nation* and its kind hear in their hearts the unsung songs? How can they tell what the world has lost by silencing its poets and crucifying its prophets? A mas-

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terpiece of art is not a miracle of individual genius so much as the expression of a reciprocal relation between the artist and his public. He who must butt his head against a stone wall of apathy cannot long get out of it his best work. Therefore let the *Nation* and its numerous rivals no longer be consoled by various flattering unctions as they "watch the discomfort" of poets, but be up and doing to diminish that discomfort.

"To have great poets there must be great audiences too."

H. M.

REVIEWS

Carducci: A Selection of his Poems, with Verse Translations, Notes, and Three Introductory Essays; by G. L. Bickersteth, M. A. Longmans, Green & Co.

Acknowledged the greatest Italian poet of the second half of the nineteenth century, Carducci has received but scant recognition from England and America. This injustice Mr. Bickersteth has undertaken to correct by means of the present volume, containing selections from the poet's work, verse translations of these selections, and a sheaf of essays. He has done his work exceptionally well: the essays build a broad and sympathetic avenue of approach to the Italian master, and the translations, though they will not be found, and should not be expected, to render at all times the exact shade of the original, show a skilful hand and a loving penetration into Carducci's world.

To recommend a volume of Carducci's verse to American readers is to answer the question—what has the poet to say to the present generation? He was born in 1835, and lived through all those stirring years that transformed Italy into a modern nation. To achieve this end splendid political victories had to be won. But, more important still and more fundamental, a moral change had to be wrought in the character of the whole Italian nation. Enslaved for centuries to foreign powers, the oppressed people had to be taught to walk erect and had to learn afresh the meaning of such sacred words as Liberty and Independence; and because Carducci, more successfully than any other, lit the altar-fires in their hearts they acclaimed him as their *vate*, their inspired seer. But while urging his countrymen to renew their own moral and spiritual beings as the best preparation for freedom and union, he did not fail to direct piercing shafts of hatred and contempt at every enemy of progress, and above all at the Roman Catholic Church. It is astonishing how large a part of his work is permeated with these patriotic themes; if we note in addition that he grew up at a time when the romantic movement was at its palest and its sickliest, and that he shared the strong reaction against its tenets that set in shortly after the middle of the century, we have pretty much the compass of his work till the learned second period of his life.

It is this learned second period which, according to the present reviewer at least, spells disaster. Not unnaturally, a man whose wholesome vigor and simple sense of the reali-

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ties of life turned him in his youth against the current romantic flabbiness, felt his heart go out more and more strongly to the great and self-contained literature of Greece and Rome. But misfortune would have it that to earn a livelihood the poet accepted a professorship in the University of Bologna, and in a few years alas! the transformation had been wrought and his winged Pegasus was hardly distinguishable from the average academic cart-horse. Carducci took to imitating classical forms, he peopled his verse with a forgotten mythology, and although he was too great a man ever to become insincere, the stream of his inspiration grew too thin to sweep along the heavy litter of superimposed scholarship. There are many who, far from sharing this opinion, date the real Carducci from the *Odi Barbare*; but, if fire and passion are the just prerogatives of verse, the reviewer submits that such early pieces as the hymn *To Satan*, celebrating the triumph of Reason over Superstition, and *Per Giuseppe Monti e Gaetano Tognetti*, which blasts the Vatican into "a nameless shame," are worth more than several volumes of nobly reserved Alcaic and Sapphic stanzas. In any case the patriotic verse of the youthful Carducci has the feel of molten metal, and when, in what we will call his professorial period, his poetry acquires a sudden glow, the occasion is usually supplied by a return to the old theme of freedom and Italy.

Because the American reader is sure to feel himself nearer to the red-blooded young Carducci than to the high-minded, excessively Olympian, old man, it is to be regretted

that so many of the editor-translator's selections confess the classical spirit. But even here Carducci is far from negligible, being from first to last an oak-hearted son of the Italian mother-earth, of whom it may be said—and of how many poets besides?—that he never penned a line that did not express an absolute conviction. F. S.

The Ride Home, by Florence Wilkinson Evans. Houghton-Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Evans is a painter poet, for the best of her poems are pictures, and the best of her pictures are those in which the artist follows her fancy most freely. She paints in rainbow colors, like Childe Hassam, and, like him also, she catches the glamour, the *aura* around the figure or landscape she is studying, expresses something of the whimsical, the magical, in whatever attracts her keen interpretive glance. For her gaze is not straitly serious, nor yet roundly humorous—when she is most herself, that is—but a bit sidelong; shrewd or tender, gay or pitying, according to the emotion of the moment.

The book, with its nearly four hundred pages and a third as many titles, is far too long, of course; indeed, it is a flagrant case of excess, for less than half its bulk would give room enough for the poet, and would banish the moralist and the Tennysonian dramatist. Mrs. Evans' passionate pity for the oppressed becomes poetry in *The Milliner's Apprentice*, *The Flower Factory*, and that series of pictures from POETRY, *Our Lady of Idleness*, but it is mere

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preaching in *Children of the Belated Lands*, *The Music Hall*, *Fifth Avenue*, and others.

Even without its failures and half-successes, the book has more variety of mood and subject than most of its contemporaries.

I can be whatever I choose beneath the sun—

A beast or a mountain spring or an arrogant emperor—

thus the poet sings in *Self*, and though one may question her power wholly to escape her own personality and sex, yet she has a far-roaming fancy, and a woman's intuition for feeling and character, lifting now and then into high motion.

Inheritors of an undreamed element,

Transfigured, glowing, near together

we went,

Ourselves grown mystic and magnificent.

Mrs. Evans is at her best in such self-studies as *Self* and *Motherhood*—the latter a really fresh treatment of a hackneyed subject; in emotional and descriptive poems like *The Ride Home*, *A Roman Garden*, *The Stranger in the House*, and the very beautiful *Memorial Tablet*; in character studies like *The Outcast*, *Pedro at the Spring*, *The Baker's Boy*, *The Innocent*; in such half-told tales as *White Azenor*; and in vivid little pictures like *The Nightingale*, *Fireflies*, *Waterfalls*, *Ecstasies*.

Any of these might be quoted as typical, but no one or two of them would be adequate. Here is one stanza from *Motherhood*:

The shimmer of poplars by still streams of France;
All rapture stored

Reviews

In the blue shadow of a jacinth bank;
Ruins of towers, an army's glittering rank;
Pale effigies of lady and of lord;
Cathedral dusks—all these shalt thou inherit,
For these have I adored.

And *The Music at Saint Sulpice* is a perfect bit of imagery:

It streams from nowhere,
Fills the air;
Booms like the thunder of a sea
That washes up invisibly,
Having no shore;
As if the pillars and the gloom,
The spaces vast,
The height, the strength, the jeweled bloom,
Made themselves audible at last.

H. M.

Challenge, by Louis Untermeyer. The Century Co.

One need not object to a poet's philosophy if he can "get it across;" if, in other words, his expression of it is poetry. Mr. Untermeyer feels

A myriad urges in one rushing wave,
and calls us *To Arms* in the following strenuous lines:

Who can be listless in these stirring hours,
When, with athletic courage, we engage
To storm, with fierce abandon, sterner powers,
And meet indifference with a joyful rage!

But the more he sets his "arrogant and stubborn will" upon these labors of Mars, firing his impetuously "arrogant spirit" and "braggart blood" to

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—assail, with raging mirth,
The scornful and untroubled skies,
The cold complacency of earth—

the more eagerly do Apollo and the muses take to their heels, leaving their deserted votary to the conventional trappings and claptrap utterances of the god of war.

Mr. Untermeyer has been too devoted a student and critic of poetry to ask us to forgive such worn or tawdry phrases as those above quoted; or others like "vigorous discontent," "torpid ease," "visions girt with beauty," "the deathless urge shall stir me always," "Go struggling upward, passionate and proud," "revelment;" or details of these quatrains:

Make way for Her,
For the fervor of Life,
For the passions that stir,
For the courage of Strife—

My eager faith would keep me set
Against despair and careless hate,
Knowing this smoke and sweat
Is forging something violent—and great.

This sort of thing may be valor, but all the zeal of ten thousand reformers could not make it poetry. It would be negligible if it were not symptomatic of a red-blood disease which impels certain of our poets to sing with the good right arm instead of the voice. Muscle is not magic, and art may not be achieved by brawn alone.

But occasionally, when Mr. Untermeyer takes his mission more lightly or forgets it altogether, his shy muse comes

back and gives him a poem. Only twice does she fall in with his civic ardor—once, rather reluctantly, in *A Voice from the Sweatshops*, and again, more eagerly, in the light irony of *Battlecries*. The bitterness of *Irony* is rather in conflict with the poet's militancy, usually defiant even of death itself; but it becomes more poetic.

In *The Subway* and *How Much of Godhood* Mr. Untermeyer succeeds in suggesting phases of the prodigious poetry of modern science. *Feuerzauber* is a vivid picture, also *Haunted*, except for the last stanza, and *In the Streets* and *Folk-song* are tender and lyrical. But the finest poem in the book is probably *The Shell to the Pearl*, or rather the following first half thereof, for the second half becomes almost melodrama:

Grow not so fast, glow not so warm;
Thy hidden fires burn too wild—
Too perfect is thy rounded form;
Cling close, my child.

Be yet my babe, rest quiet when
The great sea-urges beat and call;
Too soon wilt thou be ripe for men,
The world and all.

Thy shining skin, thy silken sheath,
These will undo thee all too soon;
And men will fight for thee beneath
Some paler moon.

Aye, thou my own, my undefiled,
Shalt make the lewd world dream and start,
When they have seized and torn thee, child,
Out of my heart.

H. M.

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NOTES

Mr. James Stephens, now a resident of Paris, is a well-known Irish writer of tales and poems. His books of verse are *Insurrections* and *A Hill of Vision*; and a new collection will soon be published by the Macmillan Company.

Mr. Allan Updegraff, of Edgewater, New Jersey, has contributed verse to various magazines.

The Misses Amy Lowell of Boston, Helen Dudley of Chicago, and Helen Hoyt, now of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, have been represented before in *Poetry*, Miss Dudley in the first number of the magazine.

Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, a young Chicago poet, makes his first appearance in this issue.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Le Prisonnier des Mondes, poèmes, par Jean le Roy. Mansi & Cie, Paris.

Idylls of Greece, (Third Series), by Howard V. Sutherland. Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., New York.

Verba et Voces, Pensées cueillies par M. Gil Robin dans les livres de M. Jean de Bonnefon. Privately printed.

Contemplations, poems, by William de la Caumont-Force. Constable & Co. Ltd., London.

The Thresher's Wife, by Harry Kemp. Albert & Charles Boni, New York.

The Man You Love, a play, by Robert A. Kasper. Richard G. Badger, Boston.

Songs of the Underworld, by Clem Yore. Chas. C. Thompson Co., Chicago.

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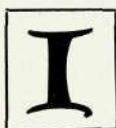
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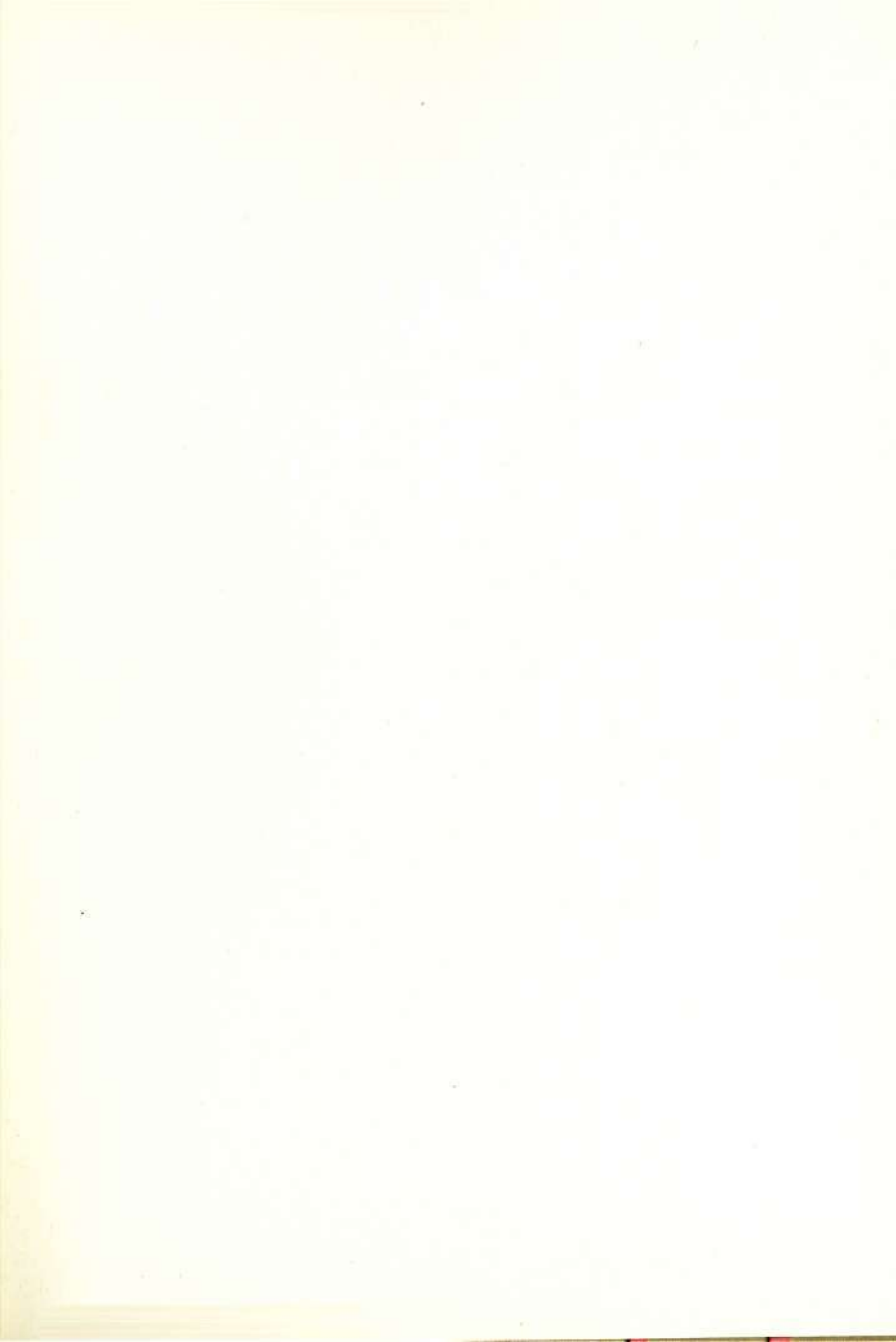
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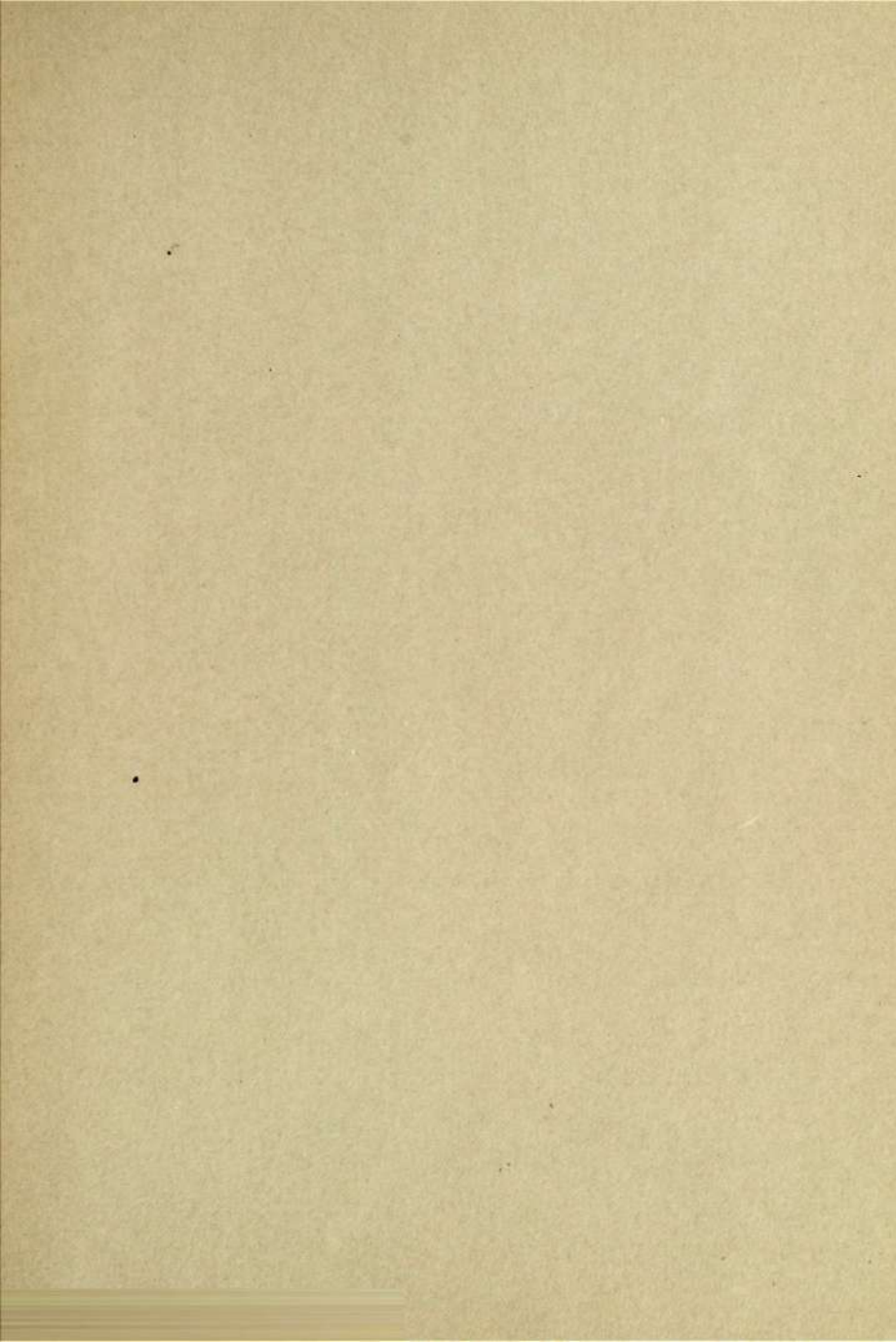
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To have great ports
there must be great audiences too.

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 Poetry,
A Magazine of Verse
Edited by Harriet Monroe

SEPTEMBER, 1914

Monoliths Skipwith Cannell
The Prayer—The Red Bridge—The King.

The Blue Symphony John Gould Fletcher

The Seringa John Alford

Two Poems Douglas Goldring
Calle Memo O Loredan—Hill House.

Two Poems William Laird
Traümerei at Ostendorff's—Ascription

The Steam Shovel Eunice Tietjens

Poems of Travel Harriet Monroe
The Ocean Liner—A Garden in the Desert—
The Giant Cactus of Arizona—In the Louvre—
The Tower—The Childless Woman—The Wonder of It.

Editorial Comment
Poetry and Criticism—The Poetry of War—
Synge's Magic—The poetry of Gerard Hopkins.

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SEPTEMBER, 1914

MONOLITHS

THE PRAYER



HAVE cried aloud, but truly,
There are no Gods in the lowlands:
I will go to the high hills
To seek *my* God.

I yearn for him

I am eager
As the hawk for the high sun!
For I have cried to Him loudly, and the silence
Was like the cloak of a black dream.

Let them come quickly,
And awake me
With singing, lest I dream no more.

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THE RED BRIDGE

The arches of the red bridge
Are stronger than ever:
The arches of the scarlet bridge
Are of rough, bleak stone.

Why should such massive arches be the span
From cloud to tenuous cloud?

.

Let us not seek omens in the guts
Of newly slain fowls;
Leaving such play to the children,
Let us pluck wild swans
From under the moon;
Or, challenging strong, terrible men,
Let us slay them and seek truth
In their smoking entrails.

Let us fling runners
Across the red bridge,
Deep-lunged runners who will return to us
With tidings of the far countries
And the strange seas!

.

There be many terrible men
Going out upon the bridge,
Through the little door
That is by the steps from the river.

THE KING

Seven full-paunched eunuchs came to me,
Bearing before them upon a silver shield
The secrets of my enemy.

As they crossed my threshold to stand,
With stately and hypocritical gesture
In a row before me,
One stumbled.

The dull, incurious eyes of the others
Blazed into no laughter,
Only a haggard malice
At the discomfiture
Of their companion.

Why should such *Things* have power
Not spoken for in the rules of men?

. . .
I would not receive them.
With my head covered I motioned them
To go forth from my presence.

Where shall I find an enemy
Worthy of me as him they defaced?

. . .
As they left me,
Bearing with them
Lewd shield and scarlet crown,
One paused upon the threshold,

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Insolent,
To sniff a flower.

Even him I permitted to go forth
Safely.

.
Therefore
I have renounced my kingdom;
In a little bronze boat I have set sail
Out
Upon the sea.

There is no land, and the sea
Is black like the pool of ink
In the palm of a soothsayer,
Is black like the cypresses waiting
At midnight in the place of tombs.

.
My boat
Fears the white-lipped waves
That snatch at her,
Hungrily,
Furtively,
As they steal past like cats
Into the night:
And beneath me, in their hidden places,
The great fishes talk of me
In a tongue I have forgotten.

Skipwith Cannell.

THE BLUE SYMPHONY

I

The darkness rolls upward.
The thick darkness carries with it
Rain and a ravel of cloud.
The sun comes forth upon earth.

Palely the dawn
Leaves me facing timidly
Old gardens sunken:
And in the gardens is water.

Sombre wreck-autumnal leaves;
Shadowy roofs
In the blue mist,
And a willow-branch that is broken.

O old pagodas of my soul, how you glittered across green
trees!

Blue and cool:
Blue, tremulously,
Blow faint puffs of smoke
Across sombre pools.
The damp green smell of rotted wood;
And a heron that cries from out the water.

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II

Through the upland meadows
I go alone.
For I dreamed of someone last night
Who is waiting for me.

Flower and blossom, tell me do you know of her?
Have the rocks hidden her voice?
They are very blue and still.

Long upward road that is leading me,
Light hearted I quit you,
For the long loose ripples of the meadow-grass
Invite me to dance upon them.

Quivering grass,
Daintily poised
For her foot's tripping.

O blown clouds, could I only race up like you!
Oh the last slopes that are sun-drenched and steep!

Look, the sky!
Across black valleys
Rise blue-white aloft
Jagged unwrinkled mountains, ranges of death.

Solitude. Silence.

III

One chuckles by the brook for me:
One rages under the stone.
One makes a spout of his mouth,
One whispers—one is gone.

One over there on the water
Spreads cold ripples
For me
Enticingly.

The vast dark trees
Flow like blue veils
Of tears
Into the water.

Sour sprites,
Moaning and chuckling,
What have you hidden from me?

"In the palace of the blue stone she lies forever
Bound hand and foot."

Was it the wind
That rattled the reeds together?

Dry reeds,
A faint shiver in the grasses.

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IV

On the left hand there is a temple:
And a palace on the right-hand side.
Foot-passengers in scarlet
Pass over the glittering tide.

Under the bridge
The old river flows
Low and monotonous
Day after day.

I have heard and have seen
All the news that has been:
Autumn's gold and Spring's green!

Now in my palace
I see foot-passengers
Crossing the river,
Pilgrims of autumn
In the afternoons.

Lotus pools;
Petals in the water:
Such are my dreams.

For me silks are outspread.
I take my ease, unthinking.

The Blue Symphony

V

And now the lowest pine-branch
Is drawn across the disk of the sun.
Old friends who will forget me soon,
I must go on
Towards those blue death mountains
I have forgot so long.

In the marsh grasses
There lies forever
My last treasure,
With the hope of my heart.

The ice is glazing over;
Torn lanterns flutter,
On the leaves is snow.

In the frosty evening
Toll the old bell for me
Once, in the sleepy temple.
Perhaps my soul will hear.

Afterglow:
Before the stars peep
I shall creep into the darkness.

John Gould Fletcher.

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THE SERINGA

The seringa casts its petals across the slanting rays of the sun.

There are shadows in the grass where they lie;
I gather them up in my hand,
And their perfume distends my nostrils and closes my eyes.
I crush their sweetness in my palm
And scatter them back to the grass.
But in the night a wind will come,
And the petals whirl hither and thither,
And the perfume be no more.

Oh, I will fashion your beauty into a measure,
To fling it over the housetops
And cast it into the meadows.

Lo, in my heart
The song of a bird that liveth not in memory,
And in the shell of a rose
A hundred years of Athens or of Rome.
Though my song die with my breath,
(Yes, though I am dust,
Though Rome become as Babylon),
It shall vibrate on a harp that ceaseth not,
That gathereth all music into itself
As the seas all streams.

Yet, for my joy, and for thy beauty's sake,
Linger, sweet perfume, till the sun be set!

John Alford.

CALLE MEMO O LOREDAN

We were staying (that night) in a very old palace—
Very dark, very large, and sheer to the water below.
The rooms were silent and strange, and you were frightened,
Alice:
The silver lamp gave a feeble, flickering glow.

And the bed had a high dark tester, and carved black posts,
And behind our heads was a glimmer of old brocade.
Do you remember?—you thought the shadows were full of
ghosts,
And the sound of the lapping water made you afraid.

Ah! and your face shone pale, in the gleam of that quivering
flame,
And your bosom was rich with the round pearls, row on
row;
And you looked proud, and jeweled, and passionate without
shame—
Like some princess who stooped to her lover, a long while
ago.

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HILL HOUSE

I remember so well how the table looked that night;
The shaded candle-flames were gentle and bright,
Caressing the wine and silver. Jewels glowed,
And bosom and wrist moved softly; light words flowed,
And the surface chatter of dinner ran charmingly on.

Then you told me of your dream cities, that Venice was one;
And looking up quickly, at eyes now gray now blue
(For Venice belongs to me, as well as to you),
I thought, for a moment, I saw your soul shine through!

Is it odd for an hour's companion to think such things?
Swift? But, dear, see—how Love and the Soul have wings!
Douglas Goldring.

TRAÜMEREI AT OSTENDORFF'S

I ate at Ostendorff's, and saw a dame
 With eager golden eyes, paired with a red,
Bald, chilled, old man. Piercing the clatter came
 Keen *Traümerci*. On the sound he bowed his head,
 Covered his eyes, and looked on things long sped.
Her white fierce fingers strained, but could not stir
His close-locked hands, nor bring him back to her.

Let him alone, bright lady; for he clips
 A fairer lass than you, with all your fire:
Let him alone; he touches sweeter lips
 Than yours he hired, as others yet shall hire:
 Leave him the quickening pang of clean desire,
Even though vain: nor taint those spring winds blown
From banks of perished bloom: let him alone.

Bitter-sweet melody, that call'st to tryst
 Love from the hostile dark, would God thy breath
Might break upon him now through thickening mist,
 The trumpet-summons of imperial Death;
 That now, with fire-clean lips where quivereth
Atoning sorrow, he shall seek the eyes
Long turned towards earth from fields of paradise.

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In vain: By virtue of a far-off smile,
 Men may be deaf a space to gross behests
Of nearer voices; for some little while
 Sharp pains of youth may burn in old men's breasts;
 But—men must eat, though angels be their guests:
The waiter brought spaghetti; he looked up,
Hemmed, blinked, and fiddled with his coffee-cup.

ASCRPTION

Well, wed him, then; and though there ne'er be folded
 A son in your long arms, you shall not be
A barren woman, having made and molded
 Whatever marrow of manhood lies in me.

William Laird.

THE STEAM SHOVEL

Beneath my window in a city street
A monster lairs, a creature huge and grim
And only half believed: the strength of him—
Steel-strung and fit to meet
The strength of earth—
Is mighty as men's dreams that conquer force.
Steam belches from him. He is the new birth
Of old Behemoth, late-sprung from the source
Whence Grendel sprang, and all the monster clan
Dead for an age, now born again of man.

The iron head,
Set on a monstrous, jointed neck,
Glides here and there, lifts, settles on the red
Moist floor, with nose dropped in the dirt, at beck
Of some incredible control.
He snorts, and pauses couchant for a space,
Then slowly lifts, and tears the gaping hole
Yet deeper in earth's flank. A sudden race
Of loosened earth and pebbles trickles there
Like blood-drops in a wound.
But he, the monster, swings his load around—
Weightless it seems as air.
His mammoth jaw
Drops widely open with a rasping sound,
And all the red earth vomits from his maw.

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O thwarted monster, born at man's decree,
A lap-dog dragon, eating from his hand
And doomed to fetch and carry at command,
Have you no longing ever to be free?
In warm, electric days to run a-muck,
Ranging like some mad dinosaur,
Your fiery heart at war
With this strange world, the city's restless ruck,
Where all drab things that toil, save you alone,
Have life;
And you the semblance only, and the strife?
Do you not yearn to rip the roots of stone
Of these great piles men build,
And hurl them down with shriek of shattered steel,
Scorning your own sure doom, so you may feel,
You too, the lust with which your fathers killed?
Or is your soul in very deed so tame,
The blood of Grendel watered to a gruel,
That you are well content
With heart of flame
Thus placidly to chew your cud of tuel
And toil in peace for man's aggrandizement?
Poor helpless creature of a half-grown god,
Blind of yourself and impotent!
At night,
When your forerunners, sprung from quicker sod,
Would range through primal woods, hot on the scent,
Or wake the stars with amorous delight,

The Steam Shovel

You stand, a soiled, unwieldy mass of steel,
Black in the arc-light, modern as your name,
Dead and unsouled and trite;
Till I must feel
A quicker creator's pity for your shame:
That man, who made you and who gave so much,
Yet cannot give the last transforming touch;
That with the work he cannot give the wage—
For day, no joy of night,
For toil, no ecstasy of primal rage.

Eunice Tietjens.

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POEMS OF TRAVEL

THE OCEAN LINER

They went down to the sea in ships,
In ships they went down to the sea.
In barks hewn of oak-tree strips,
In galleys with skin-sewn sails,
In triremes, caravels, brigs—
Frail flimsily rolling rigs—
They went down where the huge wave rips,
Where the black storm lashes and hales.
They went down to the sea in ships,
To the sounding sorrowing sea.

They go down to the sea—oh me!—
What ships that outbrave the sea,
What ships that outrun the gale,
With a feather of steam for a sail
And a whirling shaft for an oar,
Are the ships that my brothers build
To carry me over the sea,
That my hand, with treasures filled,
May knock at the morrow's door!

Steel hulls, impenetrable
To the waves that tease and pull,

Bright engines that answer the beat
Of their foam-slippered dancing feet,
Hot fires that shudder and drive,
Close-tended, untiring, sure—
Like queen-bees deep in the hive
Who labor and serve and endure—
All these are down below
Far under the slippery water,
While the babe sleeps soft in his bed,
And the banquet table is spread,
And my neighbor's laughing daughter
Trims her hair with a rose-red bow.

They went down to the sea in ships,
In ships they went down to the sea.
And the sea had a million lips,
And she laughed in her gorge for glee.
And the floor of the sea is strewn
With tempest trophies dread,
And the deep-sea currents croon
As they wash through the bones of the dead.
But the ships that my brothers build—
Ah, they mock at the bleak storm's rage;
And their fiery hearts are thrilled
When he throws them his battle gauge.
On the sea-foam they lean for a pillow;
They drive without paddle or sail

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Straight over the mountainous billow,
Straight on through the blustering gale!
Oh, they shake out gay flags as they run,
Flags that flutter and gleam in the sun!
From the tip of their turrets above
They send word of the storm to the shore;
And they hear from afar through the roar,
Down the cloud-built aisles of the sky,
Some land-bound lady's cry
To her ocean-wandering love.

They go down to the sea in ships,
In ships they go down to the sea.
And my brothers, the masterful, free,
Fear no more the white foam of her lips,
The sweet wild kiss of the sea!
They have won her, she harks to their wooing,
The love of ten thousand years,
The suing, the wild undoing,
The faith unto death, the tears.
Oh, their glory her song shall be,
Soft, soft is the kiss of her lips!
They go down to the sea in ships,
In ships they go down to the sea.

A GARDEN IN THE DESERT

So light and soft the days fall—
Like petals one by one
Down from yon tree whose flowers all
Must vanish in the sun.

Like almond-petals down, dear,
Odorous, rosy-white,
Falling to our green world here
Off the thick boughs of night.

One like another still lies—
Tomorrow is today.
Always the buzzing bee flies,
Who never flies away.

Ever the same blue sky rounds
Its chalice for the sun.
The mountains at the world's bounds
Their purple chorals run.

And ever you and I, friend,
Free of this mortal scheme,
Look out beyond desire's end
And dream the spacious dream.

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THE GIANT CACTUS OF ARIZONA

The cactus in the desert stands
Like time's inviolate sentinel,
Watching the sun-washed waste of sands
Lest they their ancient secrets tell.
And the lost love of mournful lands
It knows alone and guards too well.

Wiser than Sphinx or pyramid,
It points a stark hand at the sky,
And all the stars alight or hid
It counts as they go rolling by;
And mysteries the gods forbid
Darken its heavy memory.

I asked how old the world was—yea,
And why yon ruddy mountain grew
Out of hell's fire. By night nor day
It answered not, though all it knew,
But lifted, as it stopped my way,
Its wrinkled fingers toward the blue.

Inscrutable and stern and still
It waits the everlasting doom.
Races and years may do their will—
Lo, it will rise above their tomb,
Till the drugged earth has drunk her fill
Of sun, and falls asleep in gloom.

IN THE LOUVRE

Queen Karomana, slim you stand,
In bronze with little flecks of gold—
Queen Karomana.

O royal lady, lift your hand,
Shatter the stone museum cold,
Queen Karomana.

The wide Nile sleeps, the desert stings
With color. Shake your tresses free,
Queen Karomana!

The sleepy lotus shines and swings—
Loose your bound limbs and sail with me
In a smooth shallop to the sea,
Queen Karomana!

Queen Karomana, still so mute,
So delicate, yet cold as snow,
Queen Karomana!
An ice-wind, boldly resolute,
Rippled your thin robe long ago,
And froze you into bronze—I know—
But left your garment's flecks of gold
And the slim grace men loved of old,
Queen Karomana.

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THE TOWER

He built a tower for all to see
With sun-washed gardens planted wide;
And there, with pomp of pageantry,
With men-at-arms and minstrelsy
And moon-beam ladies fair and free,
He reveled in his pride.
And there, with soft prayers muttered slow,
And wind-blown candles burning low,
And hooded mourners row on row,
In pomp of peace he died.

Now time forgets how many a sun
Above the waste has risen and run
Since all the feasts were over and done;
Yet still from rusty pinnacle,
From cobwebbed pane and broken bell,
A wind-voice murmurs: Here am I—
'Twas good to live and die;
And good to rear these carved stones well
'Twixt laboring earth and dreaming sky.
And now 'tis good to watch and wait
While the slow centuries pass in state,
And make old time my glory tell
To you who wander by.

THE CHILDLESS WOMAN

O mother of that heap of clay, so passive on your breast,
Now do you stare at death, woman, who yesterday were
 blest?

Now do you long to fare afar, and guide him on the way
Where he must wander all alone, his little feet astray?

 But I now, but I now—

 Sons of me seven and seven

 The high God seals upon the brow,

 And summons from his heaven.

Blest as a bride were you, woman, that time of years ago,
When love, giver of life, came close and led you to his
 throne.

And blest were you—have you forgot?—when through the
 moons of pain

The life love-given tugged at your heart and bound you with
 its chain.

 But I now, but I now—

 Seared by the high God's scorn—

 Lives that will never come to birth

 Body of me has borne.

And when the hour was come, woman, your dark and peril-
 ous hour,

When the twin spirits, Death and Life, clutched you with
 jealous power,

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Rent by their war, you lay half lost, until a baby's cry
Summoned you forth past world on world to sit with God on
high.

But I now, but I now—
Never my baby's voice
Has called me forth from vales of woe
With seraphs to rejoice.

You in your arms have clasped him, woman, and fed him at
your breast.

You sang him little songs at night, and lulled him to his rest.
The ages gone were yours then, and yours the years to be.
You gave him of your hope and saw the light no eye shall see.

But I now, but I now—
Sons of me born in dream
Cry out for robes of flesh; I see
Their wistful eyes agleam.

O mother of that heap of clay so passive on your breast—
Now do you stare at death, woman?—nay, peace, for you are
blest.

Blest are you in your joy, woman, blest are you in your pain—
Once more he calls you past the worlds to sit with God again.

But I now, but I now—
Sons of me nine and nine,
That looked on life and death with me,
Are neither God's nor mine.

THE WONDER OF IT

How wild, how witch-like weird that life should be!
That the insensate rock dared dream of me,
And take to bursting out and burgeoning—
 Oh long ago—yo ho!—
And wearing green! How stark and strange a thing
That life should be!

Oh mystic mad, a rigadon of glee,
That dust should rise, and leap alive, and flee
A-foot, a-wing, and shake the deeps with cries—
 Oh far away—yo-hay!
What moony masque, what arrogant disguise
That life should be!

Harriet Monroe.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

POETRY AND CRITICISM

Samuel Butler is nowhere wittier than in his characterization of our peculiar Anglo-Saxon smugness in criticism. "For me," observes Miss Skinner, daughter of the great Dr. Skinner, during a call of Ernest Pontifex, "a simple chord of Beethoven is enough."

Perhaps nobody exists who would dream of asserting his enjoyment of a painting or a statue in this ridiculous manner, nor of looking at a canvas or a modeled figure inch by inch, instead of regarding its whole movement and structure.

But if one turns to printed comment on poetry, one may find Miss Skinners in plenty. Those critics appear rather few who enjoy a poem as a distinct entity, and as one enjoys a special cordial, or a particular piece of fruit-cake, or the revelation and fresh breath of some green living scene, or one's pleasure in the individuality of an acquaintance. Many people regard a poem not at all as a unified piece of expression fused and animated by one musical design and spirit, but as a collection of separate lines: and look at the poet's canvas only through an inch-by-inch reading glass.

This sort of critic is always wondering why Shakespeare said,

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take *arms* against a *sea* of troubles—

thus violating the rules of somebody or other's college rhetoric, rules about mixing metaphores. The lay-reader and the play-goer, who are harking to the full and perturbed motion of the act and the verse and Hamlet's mental state, will find the phrase merely fitting and expressive, in the natural course of the play and of the mood it evokes in the hearer: and will not regard the line in isolation from its context more than the observer of Saint-Gaudens' statue of Lincoln will focus his gaze on some single unfastened button on the emancipator's coat, and find the work of art difficult to understand because the sculptor did not place the button in its corresponding button-hole.

By such sharp, disconcerting pounces on detail college professors have done much to render all poetic text unintelligible, and to hypnotize the nation into a sincere, nervous ignorance of poetry, and highly reasonable aversion from it.

These sharp pounces on detail are inspired by a prevalent American "literary" conception that the instinctive mental action of the reader of a poem is not so much to understand, still less to like or enjoy a poem—as one may understand and enjoy a song one hears pouring out of the window of a stranger's house on one's way down the street of one's own life—as to estimate the poem and "put it in its place" among the metrical productions of the whole world as arranged in one's own mind.

This is partly a heritage from our Protestant habit, not to say vice, of judgment. We arrange our known poets, or our known poems, competitively, according to their distance

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from some arbitrary goal—often one they had never heard of, and certainly had no ambition to reach. Our poetical criticism is greatly given over to such statements as that Shelley's *Sky-Lark* is the third greatest lyrical poem since Herrick's *Bid me to live*; or that Keats' *Hyperion* ranks second or sixth or seventh among the seven heroic poems in classic diction since Milton's *Lycidas*.

This making of lists, this putting of poets and of poems in their places, may be continued almost indefinitely. The critic who likes to pursue this strange pastime lives in a hallucination in whose haze he supposes that he has actually read all the books in the world: or rather that the books he has read constitute all the books there are. As no one on earth has ever read all the books there are, he could not have a more secure mania, sheltered as it is by everyone's vast if more modest ignorance. By a mere act of will he may assert, and none will gainsay, his authority that *Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part*—is the third or nineteenth or forty-third greatest sonnet of passion. Nobody has read all the world's sonnets; still less has he observed which of these were unconscious nominees for the office of the first sonnet of passion; nor marked his ballot for them; nor heard which of them seemed to be the most successful candidate. At first glance it appears a dreary circumstance that anyone should prefer the attempt to arrange sonnets of passion in fixed places among the metrical productions of the universe, instead of knowing each creation as a piece of human life and expression. But, considered more philosoph-

ically, the phenomenon appears a wise compensation for an irremediable loss.

Who loves his friend according to that friend's standing and place in the world? Certainly none but the unfortunate person who has never experienced the profound charm of any real friendship. In the same way it may be said that no one has ever had the happiness of really reading poetry unless he has cared for a poem sheerly for the truth and beauty of its own enriching presence.

E. W.

THE POETRY OF WAR

Poets have made more wars than kings, and war will not cease until they remove its glamour from the imaginations of men.

What is the fundamental, the essential and psychological cause of war? The feeling in men's hearts that it is beautiful. And who have created this feeling? Partly, it is true, kings and their "armies with banners"; but, far more, poets with their war-songs and epics, sculptors with their statues—the assembled arts which have taken their orders from kings, their inspiration from battles. Kings and artists have united to give to war its glamour, to transmute into sounds and colors and forms of beauty its savagery and horror, to give heroic appeal to its unreason, a heroic excuse to its rage and lust.

All this is of the past. The race is beginning to suspect those old ideals, to give valor a wider range than war affords, to seek danger not at the cannon's mouth but in less noisy labors and adventures. When Nicholas of Russia and William of Germany, in solemn state the other day, invoked the blessing of God upon their armies, the emotion that went

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round the world was not the old thrill, but a new sardonic laughter.

As Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away, so some poet of the new era may strip the glamour from war. Tolstoi's "*War and Peace*" and many lesser books are chapters of the new revelation, and modern science, modern invention, have aided the race in its half-conscious effort to unveil the bitter hideousness of the war-god's visage. But the final word has not been said; the feeling that war is beautiful still lingers in men's hearts, a feeling founded on world-old savageries—love of power, of torture, of murder, love of big stakes in a big game. This feeling must be destroyed, as it was created, through the imagination. It is work for a poet.

There will be a new poetry of war. Now and then one hears, if not the coming Cervantes' authentic message, yet a loud word or two of grim protest against the glamour. This, from Mr. Carl Sandburg, is significant in its huge contempt:

READY TO KILL

Ten minutes now I have been looking at this.
I have gone by here before and wondered about it.
This is a bronze memorial of a famous general
Riding horseback with a flag and a sword and a revolver on him.
I want to smash the whole thing into a pile of junk to be hauled
away to the scrap yard.
I put it straight to you,
After the farmer, the miner, the shop man, the factory hand, the
fireman and the teamster,
Have all been remembered with bronze memorials,
Shaping them on the job of getting all of us
Something to eat and something to wear,
When they stack a few silhouettes
Against the sky
Here in the park,
And show the real huskies that are doing the work of the world,
and feeding people instead of butchering them,

Ready to Kill

Then maybe I will stand here
And look easy at this general of the army holding a flag in the air,
And riding like hell on horseback
Ready to kill anybody that gets in his way,
Ready to run the red blood and slush the bowels of men all over
the sweet new grass of the prairie.

War will be over when such feeling as this possesses the
imaginations of men. H. M.

SYNGE'S MAGIC

John Millington Synge and The Irish Theatre, by Maurice
Bourgeois. Constable & Co.

Synge's family, his boy life, his education, his wander years, and his final sweep into fame are a romantic chapter in literary history. M. Bourgeois writes with thoroughness and sympathy, and no lover of Synge but will be grateful for this account of a life dedicated to a great purpose, which had a strange fulfilling.

We have also a study of his continental culture, which gave him facility in manipulating the material that awaited him in Ireland. With this may be classed Synge's sources, so fully revealed in his note-books, and further elucidated by M. Bourgeois, who makes much of the poet's knowledge of folk drama in other countries, and of his predilection for Pierre Loti's fisher stories. Synge's style is demonstrated to be due to his first-hand knowledge of Gaelic. All these he brought to the Abbey Theater, whose history is once again given in complete detail.

M. Bourgeois' critic-data are plentiful and well organized, but his subject suffers from a method which, though

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scholarly, is diffuse. Too many minor matters are in the way of real clues, which, if the author had valiantly followed them, would have led to the essential Synge. His affinity to George Borrow, touched upon in this critique, is less than to a more splendid company of wanderers who express people happily, or unhappily, inarticulate.

Synge's Irish countryside is another version of Wordsworth's Northumberland, Whitman's Manhattan, Thoreau's Cape Cod, Turgenev's rural Russia, and Gorky's tramp world. Once established in this group, Synge's place in it has a peculiar distinction. His outcast *milieu* is his whole inspiration. He made Teniers pictures of some of it; spirited plays of the rest; and of the whole a body of poetry magical in its enchantment. M. Bourgeois takes issue with critics who make poetry Synge's supreme gift. But Synge is a poet above all. Poetry is his power, and M. Bourgeois, in emphasizing the dramatic in Synge and studying each play apart from its poetry, weakens his criticism. Only at times do we feel that he is alive to the beauty of the plays, noticeably in the chapter on *Riders to the Sea*. Merely mentioning the love scene in *The Playboy* as beautiful does not satisfy one. It is so beautiful that it adds a fresh rapture to English poetry.

All of Synge's plays do this. Open *The Well of the Saints* casually and you come upon such clauses as:

- to make the blind see clear as the gray hawks do be high up on a still day sailing the sky—
- the Splendor of the Spirit of God you'll see an odd time

shining out through the big hills, and steep streams falling to the sea—

—you won't let down the width of your two feet, and not be crushing fine flowers and making sweet smells in the air.

Much of the play is an eclogue. M. Bourgeois' study of this dramatic lyric is typical. He is concerned with everything but the poetry, yet we have not had such rich out-of-door feeling in English poetry since Spenser. There is some recognition of Synge's passion for nature, but its quality, that which makes it compelling, must be studied organically with the plays. M. Bourgeois slights the beauty of the *Dierdre* play, which is a play only in form; in substance it is an elegy; its theme is the grave.

M. Bourgeois comes close at times to the secret of Synge, to his paganism, his tragic mood. Had he studied these integrally with the plays, he would have seen how Synge disturbs to the very core by his passionate thrusts at life. He loosed tragedy from a new source. His *mater dolorosa*, his lonely, broken people, young and old, and Synge himself, as lonely and broken as any, are the voice of Ireland's silent centuries.

Ellen Fitzgerald.

THE POETRY OF GERARD HOPKINS

That Gerard Hopkins is today little known, even among rhymers, is an inevitable result of his manner of life and work. He was a priest of the Catholic Church and a member of the Society of Jesus. His faith was the source of his poetry, but his arduous labors in its service left him little

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time for celebrating it in verse, and made him so indifferent to applause that he never published. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch put his *The Starlight Night* in the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, and he is represented in Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana* and H. C. Beeching's *Lyra Sacra*. Several of his poems are included in Volume VIII of *Poets and Poetry of the Century* with a critique by his friend Robert Bridges, and Miss Katherine Brégy has made him the subject of an illuminative essay in her admirable book *The Poet's Chantry*. A scant bibliography indeed for a genuinely inspired poet, the most scrupulous word-artist of the nineteenth century!

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out like shining from shook foil.

These opening lines of a sonnet illustrate clearly Gerard Hopkins' spirit and method. Like that other Jesuit, Robert Southwell, he was a Catholic poet: for him to write a poem on a secular theme was difficult, almost impossible. He sang "the grandeur of God," and for his song he used a language which in its curious perfection is exclusively his own.

One may search his writings in vain for a figure that is not novel and true. He took from his own experience those comparisons that are the material of poetry, and rejected, it seems, such of them as already bore marks of use. For him, the grandeur of God flames out from the world not like light from stars, but like "shining from shook foil." He writes not of soft hands, not of velvety hands, but of "feel-of-primrose hands." He writes not that thrush's eggs are blue as

The Poetry of Gerard Hopkins

the sky, but that they "look little low heavens." The starry skies of a winter night are "the dim woods quick with diamond wells," or "the gray lawns cold where quaking gold-dew lies." In Spring "the blue is all in a rush with richness," and Summer "plashes amid the billowy apple-trees his lusty hands."

Now, it may be that these exquisite figures would not entitle their maker to high praise if they were isolated bits of splendor, if (like the economical verse-makers of our own day) he had made each one the excuse for a poem. But they come in bewildering profusion. Gerard Hopkins' poems are successions of lovely images, each a poem in itself.

This statement may give its reader the idea that of Gerard Hopkins' poetry may be said, as Charles Ricketts said of Charles Conder's pictures, "There are too many roses." No one who reads his poems, however, will make this criticism. The roses are there of right—all of them. They are, it may be said, necessary roses. They are the cunningly placed elements of an elaborate pattern, a pattern of which roses are the appropriate material. And the red and white of their petals come from the blood and tears that nourished their roots.

It is the overwhelming greatness of his theme that justifies the lavishness of his method. The word "mystic" is nowadays applied so wantonly to every gossip about things supernatural that it is to most people meaningless. For the benefit of those who know the difference between Saint Theresa and Miss Evelyn Underhill, however, it may be

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stated that Gerard Hopkins was more nearly a true mystic than either Francis Thompson or Lionel Johnson. The desire, at any rate, for the mystical union with God is evident in every line he wrote, and even more than his friend Coventry Patmore he knew the "dark night of the soul."

This being the case, his theme being God and his writing being an act of adoration, it is profitless to criticise him, as Mr. Robert Bridges has done, for "sacrificing simplicity" and violating those mysterious things, the "canons of taste." A sane editor of a popular magazine would reject everything he wrote. A verse-writer who does not know that *The Habit of Perfection* is true poetry is not a poet. Here it is:

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorlèd ear;
Pipe me to pastures still, and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark,
And find the uncreated light:
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine:
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side!

The Poetry of Gerard Hopkins

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-colored clothes provide
Your spouse, not labored-at, nor spun.

Walter Pater, Gerard Hopkins' tutor at Balliol, had no keener sensitivity to the color and music of language. Gerard Hopkins' purpose—a purpose impossible of fulfilment but not therefore less worth the effort—was “to arrange words like so many separate gems to compose a whole expression of thought, in which the force of grammar and the beauty of rhythm absolutely correspond.”

There will always be those who dislike the wealth of imagery which characterizes Gerard Hopkins' poetry, because they do not understand his mental and spiritual attitude. Perhaps for some critics an altar cloth may be too richly embroidered and a chalice too golden. Ointment of spikenard is “very costly.” *Joyce Kilmer.*

A WORD TO OUR READERS

With this number *POETRY* completes its fourth volume and its second year. Two-fifths of the period for which we are endowed having passed, it is time, perhaps, for a confidential talk.

Are you convinced of the value of our unique experiment for the support and encouragement of a universal and

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indispensable art? Do you wish the magazine to continue beyond the five years for which it is subsidized? Do you wish its policy to be one of increasing liberality toward the poets and their public, working always toward more just appreciation and recompense for the former, and for the latter a presentation of the best the art has to offer?

The permanence of the magazine lies not with us, but with you. Given life and health, we can pledge to its support our best service, and—under the usual limitations of human error—increasing knowledge and efficiency; for there is much education in such work as this. But our labor will not avail for permanence unless we can reach the public for poetry which must exist in this vast country, and in the wide provinces of the English-speaking world. And we can not find that public unless you help us.

We must be advertised by our friends. Other advertising, in these days of enormously expensive displays of it, is costly and often futile. We have preferred to reserve our endowment fund for our contributors—the poets, in order to increase the intrinsic value of the magazine. The direct advertisement of recommendation is the only possible means of increasing its scope and influence.

Thus you, and you alone, can give us really effective aid toward reaching a circulation large enough to enable us to stand alone. You can help us in any or all of the following ways:

First, send or renew your own subscription.

A Word to Our Readers

Second, persuade one or more of your friends and neighbors to subscribe.

Third, see that your social and literary clubs subscribe.

Fourth, see that the public library in your town carries one or more subscriptions.

Fifth, talk about the magazine; either praise or blame will indicate your interest.

To those who wish to give more to the magazine than the dollar-and-a-half a year of their subscription, we extend a cordial invitation to join our body of guarantors. In that list are now one hundred and thirty-two names of men and women who have promised us from five to one hundred dollars a year for five years. Full guarantors pay fifty dollars, or, in a few instances, one hundred. Others pay twenty-five, ten, or five dollars. All receive the magazine each month, and full reports once a year. Our guarantors, like members of art institutes, and of operatic, dramatic and orchestral societies, like donors of prizes and scholarships in schools and exhibitions of painting, sculpture, architecture and music: like these, our guarantors are patrons of a great art, one which, equally with the other arts, needs public encouragement, and even endowment, if it is to achieve its triumphs. By encouraging the art, by staking something on their faith in those who practice it, they increase their own enjoyment of it, and receive perhaps more than they give, so that the adventure is of mutual benefit.

Another way of contributing largely is to offer a prize. This way is recommended especially to clubs, whose commit-

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tees may wish to select prize-winners among the poems contributed to the magazine. Givers of prizes, if they prefer, may make their own conditions, subject merely to the editor's agreement. We should like to give as many prizes annually as the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh (\$1,500, \$1,000, \$500) or the Art Institute of Chicago (\$1,000, \$500, \$300, and many smaller sums, besides annual and traveling scholarships).

In this art an especially urgent need is for the endowment of scholarships, especially traveling scholarships. The modern world—modern thought and art—is cosmopolitan. A young poet, even more than a young aspirant in the other arts, needs a certain amount of cosmopolitan training and experience. For the lack of it he may develop narrowly, remaining provincial and laggard-minded. It is an incredible and inexcusable omission that the expensively endowed American Academy at Rome does not include poets among the young artists it subsidizes; indeed, they are precisely the ones who would perhaps benefit the most by a few years' residence in Rome. The editor has in mind now three or four promising young poets to whom a scholarship would be of incalculable benefit.

Many inspiring words encouraged me while I was explaining the project of the magazine to possible guarantors. One of these, a Chicago lawyer, said, "Of course put me down—I don't know any better way to pay my debt to Shelley." What do you owe, you who read this article, to Shelley? to Coleridge, Milton, Shakespeare? to Molière,

Dante, Sappho, Homer? to all the great poets whose immortal singing has incalculably enriched life, become an integral part of the mind of the race? Have you ever felt a possible obligation to pay a little of that immeasurable debt? Is there any other way to pay your debt to the great dead poets than by supporting and encouraging the poets now alive? Among them may be the founders of a renaissance, among them may be an immortal. In a sense not only actual and immediate, but permanent, mystic and profound, their fate is in your hands.

H. M.

NOTES

Three of this month's contributors appear in POETRY for the first time. Mr. John Alford is an English poet of the group represented in *Georgian Verse*. He has written a good deal for POETRY AND DRAMA and other magazines.

Mr. Douglas Goldring, also a young English poet, has published a number of novels and books of travel, and two books of verse, *Streets* (Max Goschen) and *A Country Boy and Other Poems* (Andrew Melrose.)

Mrs. Eunice Tietjens is a young Chicago poet whose work has appeared in various magazines.

Mr. Skipwith Cannell and Mr. John Gould Fletcher are young American poets resident abroad. Both have appeared before in POETRY. A book of Mr. Cannell's poems, *Monoliths*, will soon be published. Five small books of verse by Mr. Fletcher have been published by Max Goschen.

"William Laird" is a pseudonym. The name has appeared before in POETRY.

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The poems by Miss Harriet Monroe, in this and other numbers of POETRY, will be included in a volume, *You and I*, soon to be published by the Macmillan Co.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Life Harmonies, by Benjamin Fisher. The Franklin Co., Canton, Ohio.

Short Plays, by Mary MacMillan. Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati.

At the Shrine, and Other Poems, by George Herbert Clarke. Stewart & Kidd Co.

Through Realms of Song, by Isaac Bassett Choate. Chapple Pub. Co., Ltd., Boston.

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All mss. submitted must be type-written, signed with a pseudonym and accompanied by a sealed envelope enclosing the name and address of the poet and the pseudonym used, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return postage. The judges of the contest will consist of the editorial and advisory committees of POETRY.

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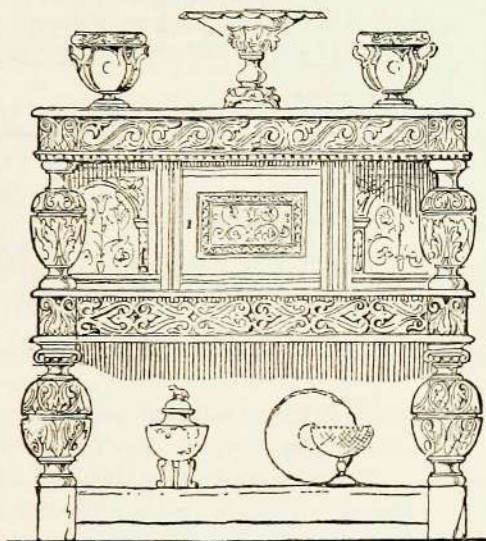
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Errata:

- Page 9, before last line insert the line:
have me repent, and have the rest of my life spent in a con-
(Binders please note that this error was corrected by the insertion of
a new leaf—pages 9 and 10—among the advertising pages of the May
number.)
- Page 41, line 5 from bottom—for *cricket* read *pricket*.
- Page 45 line 4 from bottom—for *faith* read *faint*.

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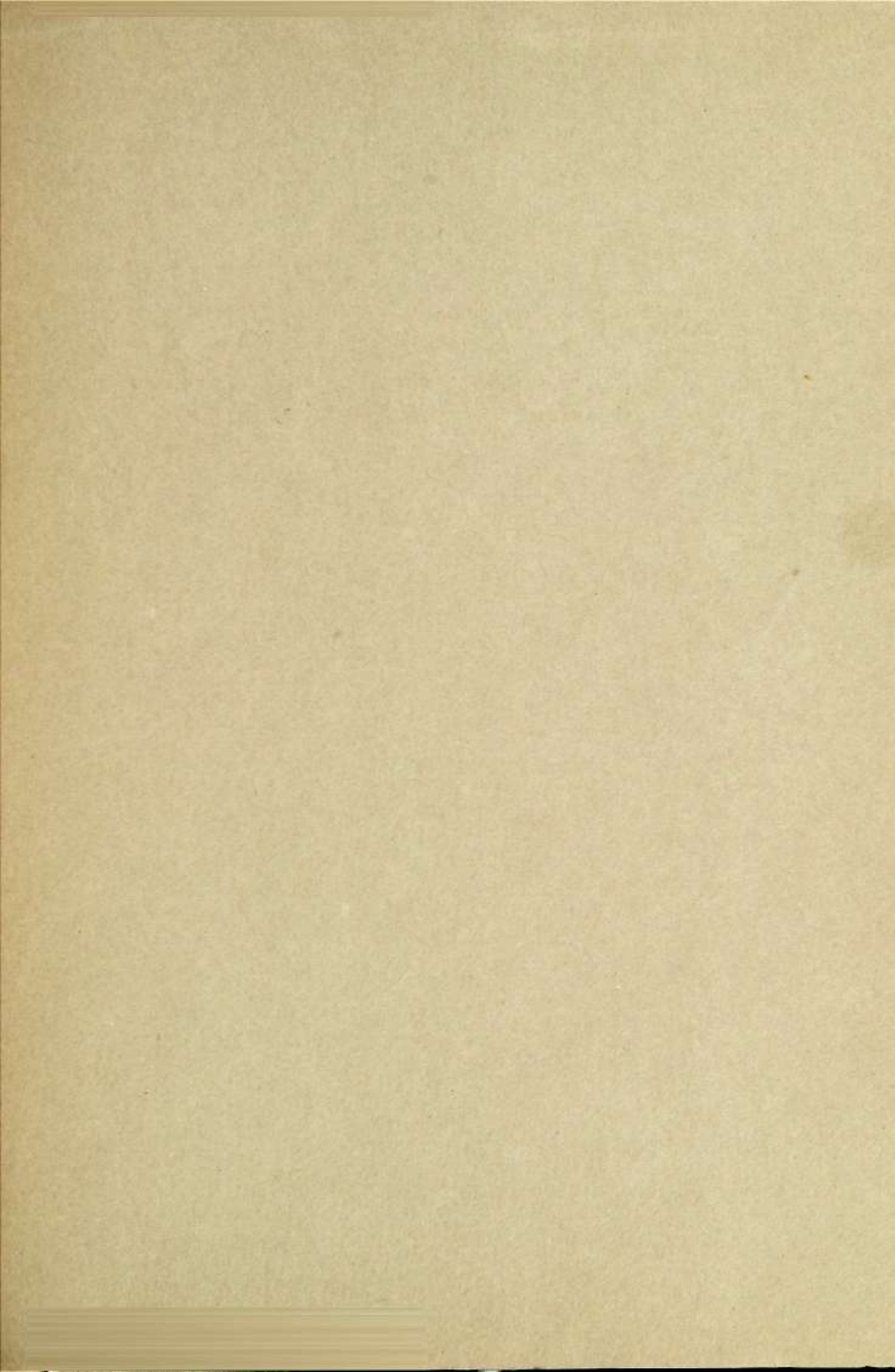
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To have great ports
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.